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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

FRANCO has responded to Mr. Chamberlain's confession of inability to protect British shipping by bombing more British ships in Spanish harbours and even by returning to piracy on the high seas. Mr. Chamberlain's statement is therefore not the end of the matter and the House of Commons is still asking what kind of action can be taken that will be both prudent and effective. In Tuesday's debate Mr. Noel Baker made a brilliant speech suggesting a number of proposals for bringing pressure to bear on General Franco, while Mr. Lloyd George followed up with a vehement attack on the Premier. Meanwhile the situation in Central Europe has not improved. The Czech Government is discussing its far-reaching Nationality Statute with the leaders of the Sudeten Germans and if they were left alone to settle the problem a good solution is possible. There is evidence that a large number of the German Minority would like to support the constructive proposals made by Herr Jaksch to the Czech Government; they are not at all anxious for war or indeed to give up a position of influence and independence in Czechoslovakia in exchange for total submergence in the Reich. But will that suit Hitler? Dr. Goebbels has made another menacing speech about the position of the German Minority, and the state of tension in Germany is further emphasised by the renewal of pogroms in Berlin. Violent Jew-baiting in the streets has now been called off but only in favour of a renewal of State persecution in its cruellest form. Of the terror against political opponents less is said in this country. Arrests are continual and Dachau is crammed with discontented Austrians. A number of the best known political workers who have long been in prison in Germany, including Liselotte Hermann, have recently been beheaded on the charge of high treason. There is no sign of appeasement in Germany.

Non-Intervention and the Volunteers

With the reluctant acceptance by the Soviet Government of the British plan, the Non-Intervention Committee has at last succeeded in composing a united front—or at least a façade. If there is now for the first time any real chance of foreign troops being withdrawn from Spain it is because Mussolini's difficulties are becoming far more serious: in Italy there is a steady murmur against the

war and against rising prices and a new discontent bred of Hitler's presence on the Brenner. But there is still no reason to hope that Mussolini is prepared for anything but a Franco victory in Spain. For the moment it is agreed that two commissions shall go out to Spain to count the number of foreign combatants on each side, as a preliminary to withdrawal, and that when a substantial withdrawal has taken place, Franco shall be granted his belligerent rights. It is assumed apparently, or at any rate hoped, that both the Government and the rebels will assent to this plan, though on the Government's part particularly there may be serious practical difficulties, as well as objections in principle, and fears that they are being offered a pig-in-a-poke. There are, of course, difficulties to be got over on the Committee's side also—notably the exact methods of control of land frontiers and sea ports, and the sharing of the costs of the commissions. Lord Plymouth is believed to be hopeful that a solution of the financial problem will have been found when the Non-Intervention Committee next meets at the end of the week. Meantime he is enjoying the unfamiliar experience of having a good—or a pretty good—press, at home and abroad. But congratulations must be tempered with considerable doubts as to the real intentions of the poachers who have turned gamekeepers.

Floods and Fighting in China

A fall in the Yellow River floods last week made it possible to repair some of the broken dykes, though water is still coming through. The loss of life happily turns out to be less than was feared at the outset, but immense damage and misery have been caused. Half a million people are said to be homeless. The Japanese appear to have lost some war material, and the enforced retirement of their troops has set free large Chinese forces to join the guerillas who are campaigning with considerable success in Shansi province. Meanwhile the rise of the Yangtze River, swollen by heavy rains, has caused fears of floods in the Hankow area; but according to the reports the Japanese advance up the Yangtze valley is going on according to plan. Appeals for peace were issued a week or so ago by the puppet Chinese Government in Peking, which have been taken as a sign of Japan's anxiety to see the end of a war that is proving far more costly and difficult than she expected. On the other hand, there have been warnings from Tokyo of the extension of fighting throughout south and east China, and the Japanese decree on Thursday placing the country's economy on a war-footing, and enacting strict control of imports and consumption, suggests that Japan has little intention of peace.

Roosevelt Redivivus

The Ball of Senators and Representatives—Seventy-fifth in the history of the United States—is over; Congress dances no longer, either to the snake-charmer pipings of the White House or in defence, *via* the Supreme Court, of Americans' rights to be freely exploited by Big Business. Congressmen have dispersed to fight the autumn election campaign; and in the dispersal President Roosevelt's stock unmistakably rises. The Congress which assembled in January, 1937, was a Congress whose composition confirmed Mr. Roosevelt's hold on the destinies of America but did not exclude potential mutineers in the Democratic ranks, whose allegiance the slump converted into open revolt. They killed the Bills to reform the Supreme Court and remodel the Executive; and they insisted, in defiance of the President, on tax amendments designed to temper the wind for the richest-fleeced capitalist sheep. Mr. Roosevelt seemed in danger of losing control over Congress, as so many of his predecessors had lost control towards the end of their tenure of office. But the President had a master-stroke in reserve; he could still ask Congress to sanction Federal expenditure of $3,000 millions on relief and public works. Acclaimed by the prospective recipients, this Presidential demand swept all opposition away. Silenced, lest their constituents hear unwelcome objections, Congressmen passed the Relief and Recovery Act, gave the President—with some modifications—his Wages and Hours Act, and agreed to a number of minor measures all increasing Federal Executive control over American economy. Whatever the day of budgetary reckoning may be, Mr. Roosevelt has regained command of the situation by reverting to the original "pump-priming" conceptions of the 1933 New Deal. Federal bounty has quashed the mutiny.

Victory for De Valera

The results of the Irish elections prove Mr. de Valera to have been an astute tactician in forcing a dissolution. Fine Gael (Mr. Cosgrave's Opposition Party) has lost three seats, the Labour Party four and the Independents one. With 77, against 69, elected members, Fianna Fail has an effective majority of 15 in the new Dail; Mr. de Valera has secured the free hand he wanted. The electors' verdict may be read as an endorsement of the policy of rapprochement with England. More realistically, it appears to have been influenced largely by the poor case made by the official Opposition, whose one *raison d'être* had been to advocate a settlement with Whitehall and whose leaders were now left with no constructive policy to put before the country. Catholic Ireland is unfruitful soil for Socialism; and a nation predominantly composed of small peasant farmers is unlikely to entrust power to a party which, like Fine Gael, obtains its chief support from landowners. Mr. de Valera has still to solve the problem of keeping down the cost of living in a largely self-contained Eire; but politically his position seems secure for a long time ahead.

Oil from Coal

In the case of oil from coal *versus* imported petroleum and its refined products, the verdict has always depended on whether the jury thought exclusively in terms of comparative costs or took a wider view of the problem. The Falmouth Committee, reporting that costs of home production were considerably greater than the cost of importing oil, and that domestic supplies were not essential from the defence standpoint, poured cold water on proposals to foster indigenous output, and recommended simply a guaranteed preference of 8*d.* per gallon for the native product up to 1950. From this view a Labour Report published this week dissents. The Committee responsible for the Report holds that, though home supplies of oil may not be strategically essential, they would be a valuable supplement to imports in the event of war. The Report also emphasises the desirability of finding a new market for coal and, though it admits that motor spirit extracted from coal now costs about 11*d.* per

gallon against a landed price of 4½*d.* per gallon for imported petrol, it considers that an eventual reduction of "oil from coal" costs is well within the bounds of possibility. Accordingly the Committee recommends that the State, either by itself or in association with private enterprise—a concession to non-Marxists which the *Times* has acclaimed with gusto—should establish twelve plants of various types designed, at a capital cost of £18 millions, to treat 2,710,000 tons of coal a year, to give employment to 6,800 additional miners (besides 4,750 workmen in the plants themselves), and to produce annually 99 million gallons of motor spirit, or about one-fourteenth of Britain's total consumption. Lucid and well documented, the Report is a valuable contribution to the problem. Even though production of oil from coal is to-day uneconomic, it would be well worth while to subsidise output on this moderate scale in order to keep abreast with scientific progress.

The Royalty Owners Fight On

The royalty owners are still fighting against the Coal Bill, in the correspondence columns of the *Times*, as well as in the House of Lords. They think they are not getting nearly enough for their property. The compensation due to them—apart from a number of "extras" already conceded by the Government—consists of $x \times y$: x being the average net income from royalties over the years 1928–1934, and y the number of years' purchase fixed by the Greene Committee. To the first of these figures no objection was taken until the second had been made known. The owners, having agreed in advance to accept the Committee's decision, cannot now openly reject y, though this is what they really hate. They are accordingly questioning x. Moreover, it is being discovered, somewhat late in the day, that the Mineral Owners' Joint Committee, though it represents three-quarters of the actual output, has no moral claim to bind either the minority or the owners of unworked coal. All this means that the owners, entrenched in the House of Lords, are doing their level best to screw out more compensation. One of their arguments is of special significance. Coal, say Lords Balfour of Burleigh and Lothian, is "the most gilt-edged security in the world"—much more secure than Government stocks, presumably because coal will keep its value, and stocks will not, if this country is in for another war.

The German Cars

Now that motor-cars are being transferred from the special McKenna system of taxation to the general tariff, the Import Duties Advisory Committee will be able, if it thinks fit, to impose special duties designed to prevent the dumping of German cars in the British market. It is of course beyond question that the German cars which have been imported during the past year have been subsidised, and that their function has been to supply the German Government with sterling resources which could be used for purchases abroad. Under the fixed McKenna system there was no possibility of retaliation; and British manufacturers who found their own sales dropping rapidly under the influence of the recession, were growing restive as the imports of cheap German cars increased. Just lately the imports from Germany have been falling off—some say, for want of further storage facilities and others, in the hope of escaping retaliatory action. It is assuredly, from the consumers' standpoint, most undesirable that the threat from the Opels should be used to secure an all-round increase in protection for manufacturers, who already enjoy one of the highest tariffs conceded to any industry.

Cyclists and Road Accidents

To the cyclist the motor is an engine of destruction driven by a road-hog; to the motorist, however careful and considerate, the bicycle is an unmitigated nuisance. From any standpoint, however, it is deplorable that cyclists should be involved annually in road accidents involving nearly 3,000 deaths and 140,000 injuries. Something must be done to stop this slaughter; and the Transport Advisory Council has responded to the Government's request for suggestions by framing various recommendations. The first, which is unanimous, is that—except when overtaking—cyclists should be prohibited from riding more than two abreast. All who have seen the obstruction and danger caused by cycling clubs in "column of fours" will agree. The other main proposals are majority decisions. The cyclists' representative on the Council dissents from the recommendation that tracks should be provided for cyclists along the side of main roads. The problem of cross-roads, he argues, would still be unsolved, though this hardly seems a good ground for opposing what is at least an interim improvement. Finally, the majority agree that bicycles should be required by law to carry a rear light (instead of a simple reflector, as at present) in order to lessen the risk of accidents when a car overtaking a cyclist has to dip its head-lamps for the safety of an oncoming motor. The chief sufferer in this type of accident is the cyclist; a rear lamp would be a real protection and should be enforced.

The Press and the Courts

At the police hearing of a manslaughter charge at Nottingham last week the magistrates excluded the press in view of the danger that reports of the case would prejudice the minds of any jury later selected to try the case. This decision raises an important issue. In several notorious murder trials it has been clear that the jury could not impartially consider the evidence because local discussion of the lurid details of the murder had already convinced them that the accused was guilty. In the Wallace case in Liverpool the jury convicted in spite of the judge's statement that there was no evidence against the accused. The verdict was eventually quashed by the Court of Criminal Appeal. On the other side it is true that on some occasions it is only through publicity that material evidence for the accused is discovered. There is much to be said for the Scottish method. In England a man may in effect be tried three times. The verdict of a coroner has no legal validity, but it may prejudice the case; and, before the actual trial, reports of the police court proceedings may further influence the minds of those who later serve on the jury. In examining the pros and cons of the decision of the Nottingham magistrates the effects of the Scottish system where the responsibility for preliminary investigation is placed upon the Procurator-Fiscal are well worth examination.

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THE CO-OPTIMISTS

"Qu'est-ce qu'optimisme?" dit Cacambo.
"Hélas!" dit Candide, "c'est la rage de soutenir que tout est bien quand on est mal."

WITH a little encouragement Mr. Kenneth Lindsay, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education, would qualify as a disciple of the celebrated Dr. Pangloss. His speech in last Monday's debate on the Estimates was a remarkable piece of optimism. He did not of course go to the length of pretending that our educational system is perfect. Not even an old stager in the National Government could get away with that. But he waxed enthusiastic over its merits and over the rapid progress we are making, and on particular features which are near to his heart he became lyrical, whilst such trifling weaknesses as existed here and there he dealt with as lightly as possible. It was a rosy picture of "reorganisation" going full speed ahead; of the revitalisation of the countryside; of nursery schools for the tiny tots; of their elder brothers and sisters from the elementary and secondary schools swarming up the broad educational ladder to Oxford and Cambridge cheek by jowl with the comrades from Eton and Roedean; of better and better nutrition and more and more physical training. It was not a picture, false in every detail, but it took us a long way from the realities of our educational system. One need not be too hard on Mr. Lindsay; a Minister can scarcely be expected to cry "stinking fish" to his wares. But complacency is a dangerous thing, and it is necessary to point out, as Opposition speakers did, how grim some of the realities are.

It is ludicrous to suggest that the educational system in this country is not a class system, in which the vast mass of the poor are at a heavy disadvantage as compared with the well-to-do. Mr. Lindsay dilates on the number of State scholarships and local authority awards for working-class children going to the Universities. Forty-two per cent. of all the undergraduates at the Universities, he says, come from elementary schools. But what—he was asked and gave no answer—is the total number of elementary school children as compared with that of the other schools from which the remaining 58 per cent. come? The overwhelming majority of working-class children have no chance of pursuing their education beyond 15—and even that is whittled down by the so-called "beneficial employment" exemption in the Education Act. And what, again, of the secondary schools? Mr. Lindsay does not like the Labour Party's policy of "Secondary Education for all," nor, apparently, does he understand what it means. It does not mean that every child at the age of 11 should go to a secondary school, but some to secondary, some to senior, some to central schools—only all these schools ought to be of the same educational quality. That they are not. Actually the expenditure per head on children in secondary schools is still about twice as high as it is on those in senior schools, and the gap is not diminishing under the present Administration.

There are other crying scandals still awaiting abatement. One of them is bad school buildings; another is the size of classes. In 1924 there were 2,700 schools on the "black list"; to-day, fourteen years later, no fewer than 1,000 of them remain in use. There are 2,000,000 pupils in classes of 40 and over, three-quarters of whom, in the junior schools, are children under 11 years of age—and there are 200,000 in classes of 50 and over. Nobody believes that such a state of affairs is compatible with a proper education; it is deplorable for children and teachers alike. The Board itself deplores it, or professes to; but deeds and not tears are what is wanted. And what of the nursery schools, on which Mr. Lindsay was so eloquent? Performance lags pitifully behind promise. There are now 104 nursery schools—many of them provided by voluntary organisations—with 7,825 children in attendance at them. And between the ages of two and five there are 1,500,000 children. One must be an optimist indeed to call that progress! Sir Percy Harris recalled a statement made years ago by Sir George Newman, that 25 per cent. of the children entering the elementary schools at 5 were suffering from defects which could have been prevented if they had been dealt with earlier. And that brings us to another big question—in some ways the biggest of all—on which the Parliamentary Secretary came under fire from his critics.

Malnutrition is, by common consent, one of the most potent causes of ill-health in school children. The Board of Education does not deny that; it boasts, indeed, of what it is doing to solve the problem. But in fact it goes about the business in a remarkably half-hearted way. Instead of pressing for more adequate measures for the nourishment of the under-nourished children, it minimises the extent of the evil, and it encourages a method of selecting cases for school meals which results in the exclusion of many who are really suffering from malnutrition. Mr. Lees-Smith pointed out the extraordinary disparity in the results arrived at by the Board's methods and by those recommended by all the main authorities on this subject.

> The Board of Education tell us that by the clinical assessment method they got the result, for 1936, that 10.5 per cent. of children are slightly subnormal, and only 0.7 per cent. are bad. Compare that with the results achieved by the alternative methods. The British Medical Association's conclusion is that 30 per cent. of the children came from families where they are bound to be suffering from malnutrition, and Sir John Orr's conclusion is that 50 per cent. came from those families. Look at the discrepancy. On the one side less than 1 in 100, on the other side from 30 to 50 per cent.

Mr. Lindsay's arguments in defence of his policy and methods carry little weight against those of the scientific experts—and, one may add, of common sense. But presumably the policy and methods will be persisted in from motives of economy. It is obviously cheaper, on a short view, not to feed children. There are some, too, who appear to think that physical training will somehow compensate for lack of food. Mr. Lindsay, of course, is not so foolish as that. But enthusiasm for the Physical Training Act, if it does not blind him, may blind others to the necessity of feeding people properly before you exercise them. And even apart from this, Mr. Lees-Smith may well be justified in his criticism of the extravagant hopes of the P.T. fans. It is quite likely that the National Fitness Council composed, as he put it, of "well-meaning pugilists, weight-lifters, sloggers, beauty queens and sprinters," is not quite the right body to turn us all, proletariat as well as bourgeoisie, into an A1 nation. We shall see. Meanwhile we are concerned about the more urgent question of nutrition. Despite the Board's policy—or is it in consequence of it?—Mr. Lindsay is confident that we are moving. In the past year, he says,

16 more local education authorities have provided free meals or milk for necessitous under-nourished school children. Nor, of course, must we forget the contribution made by Mr. Lindsay's co-optimist at the Ministry of Agriculture and the Milk Marketing Board. Under the "milk-in-schools" scheme any child is entitled to one-third of a pint of milk per day, at the cost of ½*d.* The total number of children eligible is about 5,000,000; of those only 49 per cent. get this milk. Some of those who do not get it doubtless do not want it or need it; but there is abundant evidence that a large proportion cannot afford to pay the charge for it. It is plain, too, that the amount of one-third of a pint is inadequate. The Ministry of Health's Advisory Committee last year declared that "the average daily consumption of milk per head should be about two pints for nursing and expectant mothers, from one to two pints for children, and not less than half a pint for the rest of the population." That, with milk at 2*s.* 4*d.* a gallon, the retail price which the Marketing Board has just fixed for the current period, would mean an expenditure far beyond the reach of myriads of families up and down the land. The Government's milk policy, as outlined in the recent White Paper, holds out no hope of reducing this monstrous figure. They will continue their subsidy for the milk-in-schools scheme. They will be even more generous than in the past in subsidising milk for manufacture. They will give £2,000,000 to encourage the production of better quality milk. They may secure some reduction in price to local authorities for Maternity and Child Welfare schemes. But they will not interfere with the power of the monopolistically organised producers and the distributors to settle the price of liquid milk to the consumers.

In all the circumstances it looks as if the solution of the malnutrition problem, about which the co-optimists are so cheerful, is a very long way off. The failure to solve that will inevitably retard the solution of other problems in and outside the schools. It will impair the value of many well-intentioned efforts to improve physical fitness and mental alertness in the State schools. And it will continue to make nonsense of the boast that England enjoys an educational system whose fundamental principle is equality of opportunity, and in which the "haves" are joyously sacrificing themselves for the "have-nots."

THE STRONG HAND IN HUNGARY

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT IN BUDAPEST]

HUNGARY, unlike her neighbours, has been the scene of counter-revolution since the White Terrorists drove out Bela Kun in 1919. The Magyar aristocracy under Count Bethlen re-established its authority and was not seriously challenged for over a decade. Since the appointment of Gömbös in 1932, however, Nazi conceptions—stimulated by events in Germany—have shaken the foundations of the Bethlen structure, and a conflict between the Nazis and feudalism, the only one which the country's reactionary complexion countenanced, has become the pivot of Hungarian political life. In practice this conflict is confused, not only by certain general sympathies shared by the antagonists, but also by the existence of many small, unstable political groups which shade into one another. While the struggle which goes on is partly an affair of personal rivalries (i.e. the Hungarian Nazis wish to replace those who already occupy positions of importance), the only visible points at issue are that between oligarchy and dictatorship on the one hand, and, on the other, the fact that while the Conservatives are opposed to an ungentlemanly anti-semitism *à l'allemande*, the others exploit the misery of the landless agricultural population by advocating the break-up of the great estates. Nazism in Hungary (though this may be denied to the visitor from England) stands also for various forms of close co-operation with Germany; sometimes a customs union is spoken of, sometimes outright political union, which is not altogether without popularity, as the legend of an all-powerful saviour called Hitler permeates Central Europe. The only obvious Hungarian divergence from the German example is that the Hungarian Nazis have so far attacked no Christian church.

The chief Nazi groups in Hungary to-day—several others have already come and gone—consist of the followers of Count Alexander Festetics, of those of Dr. Rainiss (leader of the Hungarian National Front) and of the supporters of Major Szálasi, but, in addition to these oppositionals, many Government-party deputies have strong Nazi sympathies. Quite recently, too, a new Nazistic party called the Christian Nationalist Socialist Front has been formed around Monsieur Matolcsy, a deserter from Monsieur Eckhardt's Farmers' Party.

The man who has emerged as most eligible for the post of Hungarian Führer is Francis Szálasi. Having served some time as a staff officer, he was retired on a pension in 1935 on account of his subversive tendencies, which, from then on, he was able to indulge more freely. His enthusiasm in the cause of Magyar racial purity has been checked by the revelation that he himself is of Armenian-Slovak-German descent and without any clear trace of Hungarian blood. His anti-Semitism is only equalled by his more than intransigent revisionism; in one of his pamphlets, for instance, when advocating dictatorship he wrote that whoever hesitated to accept his notions "must be taught them with the knout." A *Putsch* which he planned early in 1937 was nipped in the bud, but it was for 1938 that he had long foretold his own triumph. With the German rape of Austria it seemed that his prophecy was indeed to come true. The Hungarian Government was patently weak, the bureaucracy and the Army showed many signs of disloyalty, and the Szálasi people demonstrated openly in the cafés of Budapest in favour of German Nazi methods and a joint campaign with the Germans against the Jews.

It was the Regent, Admiral Hórthy, who apparently saved the situation, not only by broadcasting a speech which destroyed the idea that he wished the Nazis well, but by appointing a new Cabinet under Monsieur Bela Imrédy in the middle of May. The new Government is described as a Government of Resistance. M. Imrédy himself sets the pace with his extremely Catholic and capitalist point of view—he has a distinguished career behind him as President of the Hungarian National Bank. While retaining the typically *ancien régime* figure of M. de Kánya at the Foreign Office, he has appointed a "strong man," M. Keresztes-Fischer, to the Ministry of the Interior, and the distinguished Count Paul Teleki to the Ministry of Education. Police and bureaucracy have been called to order; the authorities in the schools have been warned against the encouragement of Nazi ideas; the army, one is told, has been cured of Nazism by the appointment of a very popular General as Minister of War and by the open rearmament now being carried through.

While the Imrédy Government is certainly determined to hinder a Nazi revolution, its plan for positive action is to take the wind out of Nazi sails by the introduction of a corporative state on the Italian model. At the beginning of March, the previous Prime Minister, M. Darányi, had announced a Five-Year Plan which M. Imrédy had already worked out for the expenditure of 1,000 million pengö to be raised by a capital levy and an internal loan. This plan is now to be energetically prosecuted. Similarly M. Darányi's law against the Jews is to be put into practice. According to this, the confessionally Jewish inhabitants of Hungary—Jews are defined confessionally, not racially—who form only about 5 per

cent. of the whole population, are now to be allowed only 20 per cent. of the posts and salaries in industrial and banking concerns, as also in literary, journalistic and other "cultural" organisations; in the cultural sphere the law is to be carried through very much more quickly than in the commercial.

This piece of legislation seems moderate enough, and the Jews and the Liberals of Hungary are breathing again; there is an obvious return of confidence. It is impossible, however, for the foreign observer not to feel that he recognises in the Imrédy regime something which combines the complexion of the strong-minded "baronial" Cabinet of Herr von Papen in Germany in 1932 with that of the Schuschnigg regime in Austria. Too many of M. Imrédy's colleagues are ex-Naxis, and perhaps more Nazi than "ex-"; there is M. Bornemisza, for example, or M. Sztranyavszky, and a disciplined bureaucracy can, after all, be quickly re-disciplined. Anti-Semitic legislation of so Christian a kind can scarcely be expected to silence young men who are nurtured on Streicherism; on the other hand, it sanctions the conception of the second-class citizen and, since the proportion of Jews in the spheres with which it is concerned is often well above 40 or 50 per cent., it creates a situation in which the rich Jew is compelled to dismiss the poor Jewish employee.

What is even more difficult to explain is the fact that Major Szálasi, who was recently condemned for subversive activities, is now restored to complete freedom to pursue the aims which the courts have condemned; his claim that he now intends to employ legal, not revolutionary, methods is accepted. It is interesting that one of his people, M. Hubay, was recently elected to Parliament, and that the Szálasi group have been able to buy the formerly important legitimist newspaper, *Magyarsag; Magyarsag* now announces its price in German pfennigs as well as in Hungarian fillérs. Meanwhile the democratic group called the March Front is constantly in trouble with the police, and the relatively liberal *Pesti Napló* was recently forbidden for one month on account of a misprint.

It is even more striking that the workmen and peasants who are genuinely opposed to dictatorship are politically more and more pushed into the background. The Government has more than once threatened to dissolve the Trade Unions; this intention was re-emphasised in M. Bornemisza's speech on June 8th. Secret voting has at last been introduced throughout the country, but it is mitigated by the necessity for at least 500 public signatures in support of every candidate, while a six years' residence qualification is likely to disfranchise thousands of working people. While everyone in Hungary is nowadays willing to admit the gravity of the problem of the landless, and therefore more or less destitute, agricultural population—about three million out of the country's nine million inhabitants—the Five-Year Plan envisages the expenditure of 20 million pëngö upon land settlement where 600 million pëngö are to be spent on rearmament. It is the students and the small officials, and not so much the peasants, who flock to the banner of Major Szálasi. The peasants in the main are not revolutionary. They are politically inexperienced and the authorities hinder attempts at organising them. But they long for democratic and co-operative social organisation, preceded, of course, by the redistribution of the land. While the small Hungarian bourgeois is enthusiastically Germanophile, the peasantry has a deep suspicion of the Germans, and its traditional songs, for example, are anti-German and not anti-Slav. It is remarkable that, in spite of so much anti-Slav revisionist propaganda from above, the Hungarian peasants are conscious of a deep community of interest with the hordes of Slav peasants living around them.

While the Imrédy Government has an ominous countenance, it lives at the mercy of Berlin. Since the disappearance of Austria and the shrinkage in Italian demand, Hungary is sending nearly half her total exports to Germany. Imrédy himself would prefer to increase the exports to Great Britain and the west, but after he had made a speech to this effect, M. de Kánya hastened to deliver his pro-Axis speech of June 1st. It is probable that Herr Hitler prefers the competent Cabinet of M. Imrédy, even at the cost of a Eucharistic Conference at Budapest, to the possible alternative of a Szálasi dictatorship; he certainly does so as long as the Hungarian Nazis lack unity and experience. Germany has an interest in the preservation of the big landed estates, since they are a better guarantee for wheat supplies in war-time than their redistribution could provide; from this point of view, also, M. Imrédy is satisfactory. Hungary, moreover, say what she will, is drawn into Germany's embrace by her own eager anticipation of the destruction of Czechoslovakia. How long will the present Magyar regime contrive to resist National Socialism at home and to follow its lead abroad?

A LONDON DIARY

DURING the Foreign Office debate on Tuesday Sir Archibald Sinclair challenged the Prime Minister to affirm or deny the account published in a Canadian newspaper of an interview he gave to American and Canadian journalists. The matter was first raised by Mr. Mander, who said that the interview took place at a luncheon given by Lady Astor on May 10th. According to Hansard Lady Astor interjected, "I would like to say that there is not a word of truth in it." That remark astonishes me; I can only think that Lady Astor was flurried. Perhaps there is a confusion about dates or about the words used. Did Lady Astor mean to deny that the "Hush-hush lunch," as it was called ever took place? It has been already described in an English paper as well as in Canada. Representatives of the best-known American papers and agencies were there: I can give their names, and though they have been extremely discreet about the whole affair, such things do leak out, especially when those who participate are as sincerely shocked as some of these journalists were by the Premier's outline of policy and references to the position in Czechoslovakia. Now I am not sure just how shocking Mr. Chamberlain's remarks were. This journal, for instance, has held that in certain circumstances a revision of the Czech frontier may be necessary. But the effect of this kind of backstairs propaganda is always bad, if only because everyone believes the worst.

* * *

The Great Swindle. . . . Is that what one would have expected National Socialism to be called in Austria only a couple of months from its hysterically fêted triumph? It sounds improbable, but a friend of mine who has just returned from Central Europe tells me that he was amazed to find the change in feeling on all sides in Vienna since March. Most people he met were disgusted with the war-propaganda, with the bullying attitude of the Germans and their contempt for Austrian characteristics and Austrian sensibility, with the rise in prices in spite of the much advertised measures to prevent it, with the everlasting street-collections. Workers bitterly resent the way they are sent off at a moment's notice to work in distant parts of Germany for a trivial wage without regard for the families they have to leave; many have preferred to get back by hook or by crook and remain penniless in Vienna, after the German workers have told them a thing or two about the paradise they were led to expect. Shopkeepers—Aryans who should be benefiting—are shocked to find business worse owing to the collapse of Jewish spending. One Aryan said to him in a tone of despair: "It's the Jews we're missing." He said he had never heard Communism so much discussed, had never known the Viennese police so humble and friendly with the common people, and never met a person who didn't tell him that several hundred—or thousand—S.A. and S.S. men were in gaol, and serve them right.

* * *

The state of affairs indeed in the Nazi Party itself seems to be utterly chaotic, and if half the stories my friend heard of the bribery, the debauchery, the plundering and swindling,

the mutual denunciation that the S.A. and S.S. had indulged in were true, it is little wonder that even the higher Nazi authorities were compelled to try to check it by imprisonments and degradations. The rivalry between S.A. and S.S. rages as it did in Germany before June 30th, 1934, and is carried on even in angry debates in inns and other public places. Most disgusted of all, he says, are the "illegals," those Austrian Nazis who worked for years against the Schuschnigg regime in conditions of great difficulty and some danger, and who now find themselves put into insignificant posts while the orders are given by Germans, or by some opportunist who got himself into the party in some dubious way during the excitement of March and holds down a sinecure job with a (confiscated) car and more money than he knows how to spend. The Viennese are quick to note the connection between such phenomena and the street-collections and rising prices—and draw their own moral. The excesses publicly perpetrated against the Jews by S.A. and S.S. are also beginning to turn the stomach of many decent Viennese; but in Austria to-day every Nazi official is terrified of his neighbour, and must seek to outdo him by even more desperate ruthlessness. My friend heard many stories of atrocities. I will only quote one which came straight from a disgusted Nazi who had been on the job himself. A young Jew was observed by an S.S. man to be walking down the street in the company of an "Aryan" girl. He followed the pair to the girl's flat, then hurried back to rouse his fellow defenders of German culture in the S.S. barracks. A few minutes later they arrived in a body at the flat, smashed open the door, slashed the young Jew, whom they found in bed with the girl, with whips about the face, and then hauled him back with them to the barracks. There they shaved his hair off and made him swallow it, lather and all, forced him to run the gauntlet of their fists again and again and kicked him mercilessly when he collapsed, and finally hung a placard round his neck announcing that he, a Jew, had raped a German girl, and threw him out on to the street to be cursed and spat on by an assembled crowd of Hitler youth. A drunken drayman finally gave him a knock-out blow and he was left half-dead in the gutter.

* * *

What is to happen to the 300,000 Jews in Vienna? Marshal Göring said they had all to disappear in four years. The original head of the anti-Jewish department of the Gestapo in Austria was considered too lenient and has now been replaced by somebody whose pulse beats more in harmony with the Marshal's. One of his first efforts was to arrest 2,000 heads of Jewish families and force them to sign a paper to say they renounced their possessions in favour of the German State and would leave Austria within a month. When they protested that no country would take them, the Gestapo replied that it was no concern of theirs, but go they must. My friend told me that a few inquiries at the more obvious foreign consulates, which present piteous spectacles of desperate humanity, made him realise that there was no hope of more than a fraction of the 25,000 or so people involved in this one swoop getting out in those four weeks. The Jews have apparently all but given up hope of getting anything from the British Consulate, and consider it one of the most heart-breaking. And if they don't get out? They will be rearrested. And what can the tiny minority who do manage to get permits take with them? If they are lucky, their furniture; if not—10 marks.

* * *

The curtain had not been up for five minutes at the present performance of *Plant in the Sun* at the Unity Theatre before I realised that something new had happened. One is so accustomed to going to a "Left" play with a certain apprehension. One's sympathies will be aroused; there may even be moments when one feels oneself more deeply identified with a world struggle against cruelty and injustice. And then the whole thing will crash into sentimentalism because the play is humourless and because enthusiasm and a noble cause do not in themselves make good theatre. One comes away saying that it was very good really, considering all the handicaps . . . But you need have no such apprehensions about *Plant in the Sun*. In the first place it is a rattling good play, continuously witty as well as a convincing and quite unsentimental and unexaggerated picture of realities in the struggle of American labour. It is first-class entertainment. The production is expert and the actors so much a team that, though Paul Robeson is the central character, he is not "starred" or indeed outstandingly better than other members of the cast. I do not mention other names because, according to an excellent practice, the actors' names are not given on the programme. The Unity Theatre has found its feet; we may have here the germ of something as important in our national life as the Old Vic.

* * *

I was asked the other day why this journal no longer publishes periodic forecasts of the future—Old Moore's Almanacks we called them, and very amusing they were with comic stories of the Japanese bombing the Chinese for their own good and British Ministers being dismissed by foreign dictators and Hitler taking an army and aeroplanes and tanks into Austria because, as Low puts it, "he was afraid of being kissed to death by welcoming Austrians." These were not exactly what we prophesied? Not exactly perhaps, but so nearly so that you see at once why we discontinued prophecy. It was impossible any longer to satirise this world, because reality caught up with the satire before one had finished laughing and turned the laughter into the sound of women weeping and the curses of men dying in the ruins of the peaceful life that was all they asked. Low tells us in the foreword to his new collection of cartoons (*Low Again*, Cresset Press, 6s.) that he experiences the same difficulty.

> The professional lily-gilder is superfluous when the lilies burst forth already golden. When the blue-behinded ape skips upon the trees of Paradise in reality, the humble satirist retires, knowing then that he has nothing to teach the gods. . . . As the Boswell of Colonel Blimp, I, for instance, find that that crass overstatement which I have employed successfully in the past for effect in argument evokes no longer the shock of discord, but rather sounds like an agreeable contribution, in the right key, to the thought of the time. The subtlety of irony is lost, sarcasm defeats itself. . . .

But turn to the pages of cartoons that follow and you will not feel that Low has been defeated. Here, in my opinion, are some of the very greatest of all Low's cartoons; the terrible truth of Nemesis Restaurant, the Autograph Collector, Me Too (Schuschnigg and Chamberlain shaking hands as Eden goes) and a number of others equally fine. There is no comparable record of our times; and the fact that these cartoons are ceasing to be satires and becoming sober illustrations of the fact does not impair their value. I would only add that Low's short foreword is so admirable and amusing a piece of writing that one cannot doubt, if he did tire of cartoons, that there is another profession that he would adorn, if not with the same genius, at least with the greatest distinction.

* * *

Overheard. Two elderly ladies in a restaurant: "It isn't exactly a retreat, but they have quiet times between meals."

Two journalists:

A.: "I hear that Russian aeroplanes landed in Czechoslovakia during the critical week-end."

B.: "Oh, yes. With snow on their wings, I suppose?"

CRITIC

UNSETTLED

IT is a curious fact that, while most of us are agreed that one of the main objects of a reasonable society would be the greatest happiness of the greatest number, we cannot yet agree what constitutes happiness. As Mr. Justice Langton said the other day, "we have no thermometer of happiness"; we do not know for certain when other people are happy or how happy they are; we do not always know when we are happy ourselves or how happy we are. I do not, I confess,

know whether my own life is happy or not. If I were sure it was happy, I should recommend it to others as a model; the fact that I cannot conscientiously recommend it is evidence of my uncertainty. I admit that I have experienced a great deal both of positive and of negative happiness, but I can imagine myself having been considerably happier. All I aspired to be, but was not, does not comfort me at all. I know —at least, I think I know—that I should have been happier if I had been a good horseman, a good swimmer and a good golfer—indeed, a good nearly anything.

If I have missed many of these positive forms of happiness, however, I have been compensated in some measure by what I call negative happiness. I have some of the Pharisee's gift for feeling grateful that he was not like somebody else. I become almost cheerful, for example, when I remind myself that I am not Mr. Neville Chamberlain. It is not that I have any animus against Mr. Chamberlain; but I thank whatever gods there be that at least I have escaped being Prime Minister. In the first place, it is my notion of Purgatory to have to listen day after day to speeches, even if every speaker were a Demosthenes. In the second place, I should hate to think that the fate of millions of human beings depended upon whether I made a wise or an unwise decision at a crisis. I envy no man in authority in the State, and it is always pleasant to be free from envy. I enjoy this freedom, I may say, in regard to all public men—not only Prime Ministers and Cabinet Ministers, but Members of Parliament, Lord Mayors, and Chairmen of Borough Councils. Nothing but avarice would persuade me to be any one of them. I should hate even to be elected to a committee, for there is no pleasure to be got from sitting and feeling useless in the company of people who feel—sometimes with justification—that they are being useful.

The list of people who I am all the happier for not being, however, is a long one. I am grateful to the stars, for example, for not casting me for the part of Mr. Justice Langton. I regard Mr. Justice Langton as a much more useful member of the community than myself and, indeed, as, in everything but a capacity for indolence, my superior. But I would not change places with him for a fortune. To sit all day during the slow recording of evidence would be to me more agonising than watching perpetual defensive batting in a perpetual Test Match. There are, no doubt, bright spots in the life of the Courts, and occasional opportunities for a successful *mot*; but the machinery of the law I find as nerve-wracking as the operations of a pneumatic drill. If you have a tough constitution, it is probably safe enough to become either a judge or a pneumatic drill-worker. But neither is a job for a weakling. I could be happy as a judge only if I were deaf or able to sleep on the bench and had no conscience.

It is an addition to my happiness, again, not to be a clergyman. Many people think that the life of a clergyman is an easy one; but, if you accompany a clergyman through a day's work, I assure you that you will find that there is little in it that is from an Epicurean point of view enviable. To visit people simply because they are your parishioners, and to have to listen longest to those with the most soporific voices, must be infinitely exhausting to the vitality. To give advice, too, and to be accepted as an infallible judge of right and wrong, is a trying business. Preaching, they say, is pleasant enough; but to read the burial service on a cold, wet, windy winter day over a man whom you know to have been a ruffian puts a strain, not only on the physique, but on the muscles of the soul. There is compensation for the clergyman, I am sure, in the feeling that he is doing good; but to me the life would seem one of galling servitude.

I can think of few professions or trades, indeed, in which I should be happy. Business involves conferences, and I abhor conferences. Besides there is no use in going into business unless one has business habits. I have the greatest respect for many employers; but the best of them seem to lead punctual, clockwork lives and to be slaves to the telephone and the typewriter to a point that would make life to me scarcely worth living. I cannot help thinking that I should have been a failure at business. Even interviewing callers is extraordinarily tiring; I doubt whether the life is worth the money. And the worst of it is, making money often becomes an end in itself, the only amusement left to middle age. I do not wish to disparage the love of money as a source of happiness, but to make money and then save it—what a perversion of a noble passion!

Then there is the working-man. Some people seem to envy him his happy existence. "No responsibility," they say, "just has to draw his wages, and after midday on Saturday hasn't another care till he comes back to work on Monday." "I do not know," says Mr. Justice Langton, "whether the millionaire or the dustman has the best of it." But the millionaire usually knows. He realises that, whereas he himself is a slave to his millions and cannot escape from the burden of them even at golf on Sundays, the dustman is free to enjoy himself when at leisure and never during his day's work has he to make a decision that may cost him half his fortune. The dustman has not constantly to make up his mind whether he will clear the bins at this house or at that. All his day is mapped out for him, and life goes as smoothly as a boat drifting with the stream under the willows on a summer day. "Carefree" is a word I hate—probably, because people have come to use it with such carefree lavishness—but what could be more carefree than the life of a dustman, travelling about in his luxurious motor-carriage? It is no wonder that more dustmen are to be heard whistling in the streets than millionaires. Yet somehow I am as glad that I am not a dustman as that I am not Mr. Neville Chamberlain. He is, I agree, both useful and happy, but I would rather be useful and happy in some other way.

There are a number of people just now, I know, who would like to belong to the working classes largely because they are ashamed of having been born in the middle classes. I know a young Communist who becomes exceedingly unhappy every time he reflects that the God in whom he does not believe did not arrange for his being born into the proletariat. I have often tried to comfort him, but he insists dismally that no one who is born a bourgeois can ever quite recover from the taint. I point out to him that, if he had been born into the working classes, he might have been a member of the Labour Party which he condemned for a time as all but Fascist, and that, perhaps, it is his bourgeois upbringing that has enabled him to escape from working-class prejudices in favour of English rather than Russian methods. Nothing will console him, however. He honestly believes that he would be immeasurably happier if he were a working man. We all have our dreams, but, though I respect the working man as I respect Mr. Justice Langton, that is not one of mine.

Who, then, are the happy people? Some say they are the Communists, some say they are the Nazis, some say they are the Buchmanites. It is a fine thing to have such reports of widespread happiness from all over Europe. How happy Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini looked in the photograph of the march-past during the Roman celebrations! I almost wished I were a dictator as I watched their laughter in the news-reel. How happy, too, a thousand or two Buchmanites look in a photograph, all laughing together like bathing belles in the popular press! I sincerely hope all these people are as happy as they look, and that their happiness is infectious. Some people say the followers of General Franco are happy, but I wish they could express their happiness in some other way than dropping bombs on children. Happiness takes many forms, however, and it is probably lack of imagination that prevents me from entering into the happiness either of a bomb-thrower or of a Prime Minister. The truth is, I do not know what constitutes happiness for anybody except myself, and I am not sure about myself. A shower of rain on the garden, perhaps, and, after that, white clouds in a blue sky. Or a peacock butterfly. Or a cinnabar moth. Or a bullfinch in an apple tree. Or work—when it is over.

Y. Y.

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to T. E. Bean.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

Until about two years ago only one boy was adopted for every three or four girls. Now the demand for boys has risen till the numbers are about even. Some say that it is because the Duke and Duchess of Kent had a son, that boys have become so popular, but I think it is just one of those things one can't explain.—Mrs. Plummer, secretary of the National Child Adoption Association, reported in *Manchester Evening News*.

And now, thanks to the proprietors of Bile Beans, midnight is melody time!—English announcement over Radio Lyons.

If war should come along the one steadying influence in this country would be the newspapers.—Mr. A. McLaren as reported in *Northern Echo*.

In spite of a wider range from wealth to poverty than many Continental societies, we are spiritually the most homogeneous of people. Marx thought we were all bourgeois. It would be simpler to say we were all English.—Mr. D. C. Somervell in *Observer*.

Mrs. Campen agreed that, except for knocking her senseless a few times, Hudson had never shown her any violence.—*Empire News*.

BROADCASTING TO INDIAN VILLAGES

WHAT slaves we are to *le cortège d'idées*, the body of thought which surrounds some familiar words! To me, a Londoner to the bone, the word village brings to the mind a pretty picture, a street or two of small houses, a shop, an inn, a church, a school, the irreducible minimum of family and communal life. The postman is a familiar figure, the motor bus passes regularly. At night lights, either lamps or the glow of fires, throw shadows to brighten the path of the passer-by.

As I travelled in India a few months ago I passed through villages and heard much about them—how 90 per cent. of the people of India live in them. How their poverty is beyond belief. No windows or fireplaces in the houses, no light except sometimes the saucer of linseed oil, no fuel except cowdung, no regular post, no road except a rough track. Often no inn, no temple or mosque, no school. The moneylender is often the only man who can read or indeed pay for a newspaper. No Indian townsman would dream of visiting a village except on serious business. It may indeed be cut off in the rainy season for a couple of months, an island of ignorance and want.

All this I had heard time and again, but still in the back of my mind persisted that *cortège d'idées* about villages that the word always evoked. Thanks to the kindness of broadcast officials I have listened to a broadcast talk in an Indian village, one of the experimental series being given to some eighteen villages in the Delhi area, and *le cortège d'idées* has been thoroughly dissipated by the expedition.

By six o'clock in December it is dark, and as the four of us, three Indians and myself, left the town for our eighteen mile run, the street lamps were being lit. As we swung along the excellent road my companions gave me the outline of their problem. The village we were visiting grows vegetables for the town market and also sugar cane. But profits are small. As the vegetable laden oxcarts come within a couple of miles of Delhi the middlemen meet them and offer a "ring price" which must be taken or left. Cane is no better; when it is ready for crushing the village will have to pay for the hire of a press for three weeks as much as it would have cost to buy a new one. Thus there is a primary need for knowledge of prices, knowledge to protect the villager against the knowing. Culture? Culture may be good, but two square meals a day are better. Improved methods of cultivation might mean one and a half or even two meals a day. Entertainment? Yes, but it must be what the villager likes, not what we think he ought to like. Such were the simple foundations of programme building for the village.

I was still adjusting myself to these conceptions of the function of Wireless when conversation ceased perforce. We had turned off the main road and were creeping along a track which tested our springs and our skill in anchoring ourselves to our seats. After perhaps a mile we left the car before a dim shapeless mass, the walls of houses. But here was a gap through which an oxcart could pass and we groped our way down the village street with the help of a torch. The dust was inches deep and all was silent and dark.

Occasionally a white figure glided by. All the doors of the houses were shut and there were no windows. The walls are of yellow mud, very thick and solid. In the monsoon, however, a house is liable to collapse and cannot of course be rebuilt. So the mass of mud is left in its fantastic ruin. In five minutes we reached a sort of shed with an open door. Within were a few men gossiping round a fire. We asked why the wireless was not on at a quarter past seven. Of course, no one knew the time. How could they? However, the loud speaker was hung on to a hook and the set switched on. The noise was deafening to me, but the villagers seemed to enjoy it.

No item must exceed five minutes. Market prices are given, as they help the villager in his bargaining with the outside world. (The middleman considers them a most objectionable feature.) Music is popular, both vocal and instrumental. All such performances are given by prostitutes and their friends, but the villager insists on a high moral tone over the air, and censorship at the studio is correspondingly severe. The news is listened to with tempered enthusiasm. "Rural uplift" claims five minutes. The slogans "Kill Those Flies" and "Dig Manure Pits" do attract attention. In the village I visited the elders insisted on showing me how effectively they had carried out the latter injunction—an occasion when once again I blessed the inventor of the electric torch. But the most popular feature is the account of life in a village by one of the inhabitants. The selected speaker visits Delhi, is rehearsed perhaps half a dozen times, gives his talk, receives two or even three rupees, and returns to his village a triumphant hero, a Ulysses who has seen men and cities and told the glories of his native land.

While we were talking and I was being escorted round the sights of the village, namely the manure pits and the house of the moneylender, the village folk were gathering about the loud speaker. We watched for a little the crowd of listeners and regained our car, bumped back to the road and swung along triumphantly but to an ominous odour of petrol. A few miles from Delhi, just where the vegetable carts stop, we stopped with a leaking tank. And while search was being made for another car I had my opportunity to meditate under the stars on the possibilities of village broadcasting.

For two months four of us, a Finn, a Turk and two Englishmen, had been touring round India lecturing on Education. On our travels we had heard much about Indian problems, and all the current panaceas and catchwords crowded into my mind—the Gandhi scheme, endowment of village schools, conscription of unemployed graduates to teach in the villages, agricultural bias, rural uplift, the liquidation of illiteracy, an educated democracy, a united India, a national language. And the current objections followed them closely—lack of money, lack of trained teachers, lack of long range policy, inefficiency of administration. Why was nobody advocating openly and loudly a scheme for universal village broadcasting? How far was this experiment proving anything about its value as a short cut, perhaps a temporary one, at all events to some of the ends that every one had, however vaguely, in view?

Nothing had been proved about expense. The cost of the sets had been absurdly high. The villages had not been skilfully selected from the point of view of cheap maintenance of battery operated sets. One of them was seventy miles away from the centre. Clearly a comprehensive scheme would show an enormous reduction per village both in capital cost and in expense of upkeep. Clearly also a combination of school and adult broadcasting would enable the sets to be used for more than one hour a day, a financial advantage where schools existed in a village. The possibilities of school broadcasting are another unexplored avenue.

The experiment does seem to prove that villagers will listen to a special and varied programme. What could one hope to achieve by that programme if it were available in every village? How far would it solve the problem of illiteracy?

Learning to read was once of supreme importance. What use is it to an Indian villager to-day? He cannot often afford to buy books or even a newspaper; there is little chance of opening out to him the treasures of literature. He wants some medium of communication that will break down the isolation from which he suffers, that will help him to be less swindled by those who can read and write, e.g., the middleman and the moneylender, that will make life more interesting, that will give him the necessary information to improve his methods of farming and his methods of living, that will give him some idea of the happenings in the world outside his little community, will help to make him a voter with more understanding of the larger problems of a province and of a nation. A system of village broadcasting could do something in these directions. A palliative? Yes, but an immediate palliative.

How long will it take for the Gandhi scheme or any other scheme of universal elementary education to come into being? How long to test the new ideals and the new methods? To train the teacher? To find the money to train the teachers? To train the men and women who are to train the teachers? To build up a tradition of service among village teachers, so that they will be content to leave the towns and devote their lives to such a task amid such surroundings? Ten years? Twenty years? Fifty years? Will India be rich enough to support a scheme for universal compulsory elementary education? No one knows how far or how quickly the wealth of India will develop under the new conditions. Why not get the new palliative going as soon as possible and see how far an illiterate peasantry can become less ill-educated, without learning to read?

The car arrived and I was transported into another world, the native town of Delhi, and then into another world, the hotel with its western comforts and its western ideas. And I realised once more that I knew nothing about the townsman and still less about the villager and his way of living and his way of thinking. But the glimpse into his world on a winter's evening has left an insistent question in my mind, "Why not universal village Broadcasting?

G. T. HANKIN

Correspondence

NATIONAL LEADERSHIP

SIR,—Your leader of last week must have encouraged many Labour Party members. I am one of that great majority who are faithful to the Party leadership and are willing to accept its decision on the Popular Front as a *national* policy. But in many constituencies it is already a working fact: a tacit understanding has been arrived at with the Communists, Liberals are working on special joint committees for Spain or China, and the Left Book Club has become the rallying point for middle-class people without previous party affiliations. These things have been happening for years, whether we like them or not; and we, who are engaged in building up local labour parties, cannot fly in the face of local feeling. There are some edicts of the National Executive which we cannot carry out to the letter without fatal effects on our best workers. We feel isolated often from the leadership because we feel that its decisions are sometimes made without due regard to what is happening outside London. In Coventry, for instance, we have a strong and united party just because there has been no heresy hunting from the Left or from the Right. Everyone has agreed not to ask too many questions about the antecedents of people who are prepared to work.

Would it not be possible for the National Executive, while maintaining Conference decisions, to give a good deal more latitude to local parties? Local conditions vary enormously, and unless we take note of those local variations all attempts to enforce a uniform unity will have a precisely contrary effect.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

SIR,—In the article "National Leadership," which appeared in your last issue, after referring to the *Times* suggestion that there might be some greater measure of co-operation between the Government and its opponents, the following extraordinary sentence appears: "Here was bait for at least some members of the Opposition."

This can only mean that in the writer's view there were "at least some members of the Opposition" who were inclined to join the National Government and would therefore be susceptible to baiting. Presumably the writer knows who they were. Who were they?

Then may I comment on one or two more statements which suggest that the writer of the article is hardly better informed about the Labour Party than its critics usually are?

(1) . . . in its last manifesto it went out of its way to explain that it would not exclude the possibility of joint action if there were any sign of a considerable break in the ranks of the Government's supporters."

It did nothing of the kind; the manifesto made two things perfectly clear:

(*a*) That there was no possibility of securing a Popular Front unless there was a bigger break in the Government ranks than was then discernible, but—

(*b*) Even if a Popular Front could be formed in these circumstances, the Labour Party would still reject it on the grounds of undesirability.

(2) ". . . for someone must be honest. The present Labour front bench does not look like a more formidable and efficient alternative government. A more definite and authoritative leadership is necessary if the electorate is to put Labour into power."

It is a very good thing indeed for the Movement that somebody can be relied upon to be honest and that we can turn to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION for honesty. But what is meant by the Labour front bench not looking "formidable and efficient"? I have no hesitation in saying that for every Government office our prospective occupant is better equipped than the occupier. People are much too fond of talking with condescension about the Labour Party, usually in middle-class tones. And they are usually people who know very little about the Party, either in terms of organisation or fighting in the field. They are Bloomsbury revolutionaries. As for desiring "a more definite and authoritative leadership", are the Immediate Programme, the Defence statement, and the Manifesto already referred to not definite enough? And is it not the case that, so far from wanting the Party to be more authoritative, the writer actually complains because it exercises its present authority.

(3) ". . . why dissolve local Labour parties where there is enthusiasm instead of attempting to lead that enthusiasm?"

Does the writer of the article know how many local parties have been dissolved? The number is infinitesimal. Dissolution is only carried out because "Transport House" is bound to stand loyally by loyal units of party organisation.

(4) The Party is not likely to become "afflicted by a hardening of the arteries."

On the contrary, I affirm that:

(*a*) it has successfully survived the successive distractions of the last few years from 1931 to the Peace Front,

(*b*) it is now more cohesive, determined and definite in its purpose than ever it has been,

(*c*) the Executive Committee of the Party is more closely, intimately and faithfully expressing the view of the Party as a whole than ever it has done before.

The only thing that afflicts the Party now is the armchair critic who never thinks that it is any good because he does not know how good it is.

GEO. RIDLEY

[We did not imagine that in present circumstances any Labour leader was in the least likely to rise to the bait. In (1) above Mr.

Ridley raises an interesting question of interpretation. In the Labour Party's able manifesto on the Popular Front, published on May 14th last, the paragraph: "A new situation might arise, of course, if any considerable number of M.P.s now supporting the Government were to rebel against the Prime Minister's authority," was very generally supposed to imply that the Labour Party did not exclude a combination in these circumstances. Otherwise it is difficult to see why it was included.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

A TRUCE IN SPAIN?

SIR,—In 22 months of civil war in Spain, according to a *United Press* estimate, the dead, civilian and military, on both sides are counted at about 480,000. Loss of gold reserve and goods destroyed represent a total of 50,000,000,000 gold pesetas. Moreover, emigration abroad or the dispersion of populations over the Spanish provinces involves more than 400,000 persons, and at least 400,000 are in prison.

A year ago the Cardinal of Toledo spoke of half a million victims, and the *Daily Telegraph* about the same time put the number of dead at 400,000. Spaniards have spoken to me of a million dead, but I think they exaggerated. But whether 400,000 or 500,000 dead the number remains enormous, and is an index to all the other sufferings and atrocities of the war, which are literally inconceivable.

How many have been wounded? How many wounded have received no attention, or no proper attention? How many families have been ruined? How many suffer Want, Hunger, Disease?

A strange war it is! At every phase people have believed that Franco was on the eve of final victory, or nearly; and a short while later, the impression returned that the war would go on indefinitely. Thus in 1936: in August at Toledo, in November before Madrid—in 1937: in February at Malaga, in March once more before Madrid (Guadalajara), in June at Bilbao, in July at Santander, in October at Gijon and Oviedo—in 1938: in January at Teruel, in April before Barcelona.

Those for Franco say: "A few weeks more, and all will be over. Useless to withdraw troops, useless to speak of mediation. Victory will be ours before Lord Plymouth can obtain agreement on the Non-Intervention Committee, or before a mediator can try to reach agreement between Burgos and Barcelona."

Those for the Spanish Government say: "'*No pasaran!*' You saw what happened with Madrid. You now see with Barcelona. Against us are Italians, Germans, Moors, Carlists and Phalangists. For us are the Spanish people. Six or ten thousand foreign volunteers do not count, compared with the eighty or a hundred thousand foreigners on the other side. And with all that, where is Franco's victory?"

In order to dominate the vanquished, after so much bloodshed, Franco will have to have recourse to a dictatorship. Those who know what a dictatorship is to-day, what it is in Italy, in Germany, in Austria, will understand that Spain too will become what is to-day known as a totalitarian State.

Hardly had Franco set foot in Catalonia than he hastened to have a Government decree passed abolishing the Catalan Regional Statute, just as he had already done for the Statute of the Basques. Does anyone doubt that Basques and Catalans will seek to get their own back at the first propitious moment? And therefore Franco will set Basques and Catalans on the same level as Hitler in Austria sets Jews and Catholics.

President Negrin in his declaration of May 22nd laid down the conditions of a future Republican Spain: "A national plebiscite with the fullest guarantees of freedom; all civil and social rights for all citizens with freedom of conscience and of religion; regional liberties to come into effect undiminished; guarantee of the right of property; agrarian reform and a complete amnesty for all Spaniards who are willing to co-operate in the reconstruction of the country."

Without wishing to doubt Senor Negrin's word, it must be remembered that not all promises made in time of war are kept in time of peace. We cannot believe that generals, clergy and rich landowners would go unscathed.

At the point we have reached, the civil war continues and will continue till exhaustion, not because of any moral or political advantage Spain may win from it, but because the two conflicting parties and their leaders fear the victory of the other side and their own defeat, which would mean their personal and political annihilation.

The only solution is the third hypothesis: *a peace of conciliation*, through the mediation of the Powers.

To wait for preliminary consent or the expression of a wish for mediation from the combatants would be absurd. The combatant must believe in victory, or at least in the usefulness of his sacrifice, up to the last moment and up to his last cartridge.

It must be for the Powers to prepare for mediation. The step taken by the British Government (if it is true) to enlist Italian co-operation would mark a beginning. Mussolini is sick of Spain, which costs him men and money. He would like a Franco victory, immediate and final, and he is now blaming France for its delay in coming; but France has her own interests to safeguard on the Pyrenees and in the Mediterranean.

Would not a peace by conciliation, which would avoid Bolsheviks in Barcelona and Germans in Bilbao, be useful to both France and Italy? And would it not be the ideal for Spain?

It would be foolish to hide the many difficulties in the way of such a solution, but after a year of useless endeavours to obtain the withdrawal of the volunteers, the time has come to try mediation, now that the idea of a speedy victory has already faded.

Psychologically and politically, the air would be cleared. And this would be a great advantage for the future of Spain and of Europe. The moment has come when public opinion of every country should demand that this useless slaughter should cease.

32 Chepstow Villas, LUIGI STURZO
London, W.11.

TOWN PLANNING

SIR,—The first half of Mr. C. Tunnard's letter is one of the best short statements of the reason behind the "house and garden" policy that I have seen anywhere. It seems to me a conclusive answer to those who think that satisfactory dwellings can be provided for normal families in tenements or closely packed rows of houses at 30 or 40 to the acre—a thing that all who have practical experience of housing know to be completely impossible. To get your 30 or 40 you have to sacrifice one or more of the fundamentals; either you cut down the garden and the distance between houses and their windows, or you push some of the people up into the air and cut off the babies and the old people from easy access to the ground and destroy the intimate association between the house and private garden which is the essence of the family dwelling.

It is interesting that in the second half of his letter Mr. Tunnard deserts his own unanswerable demonstration for the all too familiar architectural wish-fulfilment. Surely the right planning of cities must be built up on the maximum satisfaction of the human needs of citizens, including in these the requirements of the economic and social organisation characteristic of modern life. To reconcile in the best way this complex of needs on the territorial plane is the task of town planning. Many theories of planning are vitiated by emphasis on one group of desirables to the exclusion of others which are equally if not more fundamental. It is clear from the actions of those who are in a position to choose their dwellings, not only in this country but in others, that the vast majority of family people seek the house and garden. They only accept the tenement or flat, with or without the allotment, where the house and garden is not available or imposes on some members of the family a long and expensive journey. I happen to think that this general desire is a good one, and that it is bound up with considerations of the utmost importance to civilisation. Even if this were not so, town planning must meet a demand so definite and insistent—it should not impose upstairs dwellings or communal gardens on a public that wants neither.

Great cities, by their structure, develop patches of high pressure and intense localisation of business, from which all the phenomena of traffic congestion and excessive density arise. No rearrangement which leaves them still as single organic unities will remove these phenomena. Heroic dictatorial planning could theoretically convert one large city into a group of contiguous town units, but what would be the advantage of this over an equivalent number of towns separated by belts of open country? When planning can think in terms of centuries the latter is more likely to be the acceptable ideal. The garden city movement is concerned with the more proximate object of putting an inviolable ring of open country around any city that is already too large, of stopping new industries and population from flowing into it, and of constructively providing for future development in towns of reasonable size and designed to meet in the best way the whole complex of modern requirements.

Thus the garden city idea is not, as it is so often misrepresented to be, just a specification of so many houses to the acre. Yet

one of the reasons for it is that it permits, as the overgrown city does not, a human standard of density—together with a reasonable standard of accessibility to the workplace, to open spaces, and to the open country. The sprawl of suburbs is the opposite of the garden city conception, which is that of a compactly built town of limited extent, yet large enough to have a strong economic organisation and a diverse and cultured community. If people really wanted to live in the lofty towers which Le Corbusier loves, or the continuous streets which Le Corbusier hates, there is nothing to prevent such dwellings being built in towns of the garden city type. But the fact is that not more than a tiny percentage of people will consent to live either in "streets" or towers if garden houses are available to them.

As to the great city itself, no satisfactory redevelopment of it is possible so long as population and business pour into it and its overall density is increasing. Let us first stop the undesirable growth by diverting industry to the smaller towns and where necessary to new towns. We can then proceed with our redevelopment on the basis of some decentralisation of existing industry, the lowering of housing density, and the more adequate provision of garden and recreation space. It is a large order and will take a long time, but it can be done if we start with human and business considerations instead of trying to put an aesthetic façade on a type of town growth that is destructive of both.

13 Suffolk Street, S.W.1. F. J. OSBORN
(Hon. Secretary, Garden Cities and Town Planning Association)

A QUESTION FOR WOMEN

SIR,—In your last issue Mrs. Plowman asks the most apposite question that can be asked women to-day: "Have we, as human beings, accepted the necessity of this wholesale slaughter and destruction?" I believe that unless we, as women, are not only to answer with one accord that we have *not*—and furthermore unless we are prepared to implement our reply by collective action, we might as well cry defeat and pack ourselves off to the furthest Pacific island we can find, abandoning sons, husbands, friends to the holocaust of our hopes for civilisation. For where do we stand to-day? I listened recently to some intelligent "Left-wing" talk on this vital subject, and retired, sick at heart, at what I had heard to confuse the issue and drown the voice of "our own humanity." I was even told that women are fiercer and more bloodthirsty than men when war actually comes—and memories of old ladies in boarding-houses in 1916 planning just what they would do to the Kaiser jostled the recollection of young women in a Kensington bus whom I heard wishing they had actually seen the German lads burning to death in the Zeppelin which fell in flames at Potters' Bar.

This is not the truth. It is a superficial half-truth, the result of the evil hysteria war inevitably produces in us all. The real fundamental difference between the sexes in relation to war is this: women are the creators, laboriously and absorbedly of physical life; men, while being mentally creative, are destructive. Let us not be sentimental. It is useless for pacifists to evade this truth; there is a fighting instinct, deep as life itself, in most males, *but*—and it is a big "but"—civilisation must face the necessity of finding some reasonable outlet for this natural instinct, without involving us all in mass-murder under the sacred banners of patriotism or the more specious ones of self-defence.

Women must no longer be stampeded into helping in this atrocious business on the plea that they cannot shelter behind the men who are protecting them. They must act, and act quickly, in that unison that is supposed to be impossible to our sex. Here is the acid test; we will stand together for peace in one vast freemasonry. The Communist slogan "Workers of the World Unite" has not yet brought unity to men. Can the women do it—or shall we be shamed for ever before our children, who are wiser and simpler than we are, in their blunt refusal to cry Havoc?

14 Buckingham Street, Adelphi, W.C.2. PHYLLIS VALLANCE

AN AFRICAN POINT OF VIEW

SIR,—The Wakamba are an African tribe about 400,000 strong, who live in Kenya on the east side of the Athi River. Cattle are still, as they have been for centuries, the Wakamba farmer's currency, the symbol of his standing in the tribe, and the indispensable traditional token in every tribal and domestic ceremony.

Since the white man came to Kenya, the Wakamba have suffered from a shortage of land. In old days they used to graze their cattle over a wide area, shifting from one district to another, and making seasonal use of the Yatta plateau, where the best grazing land is now reserved for Europeans. To-day they are crowded into inadequate reserves, like all the other native tribes of Kenya.

When too many cattle are grazed on too small an area the inevitable result is erosion of the soil. Having deprived the Kenya peoples of the best of their land, the Government authorities advise them to cut down their cattle to match. They assert that this is in the best interests of the people themselves, and that it is only short-sightedness and ignorance of the principles of good husbandry which makes cattle-owners object to reducing their stock. The cattle-owners, however, object strongly. They know that before the white man came, they could possess as many cattle as they liked without in any way endangering the tribal welfare.

This May the Government decided to reduce the Wakamba cattle by half. The chiefs refused to co-operate; so the Government organised a forced sale, and 1,485 cattle were sold at an average price of less than £1 per head. Unanimous in their resistance, the Wakamba sent a petition to the Colonial Office, which throws a new light on the Government policy:

> Recently (it says) a European firm and company has erected a factory for the canning of beef and other meat products on land adjoining the said Athi River Station. It seems that, as a result, efforts are being made by the administration to ensure a steady supply of cattle for slaughter at that factory.
>
> The said factory adjoins European-owned farms where cattle are stocked. Whether because there are no, or not enough, European-owned cattle to keep the factory going, pressure is being brought to bear on our tribe to dispose of our stock. It is being stated that our reserve is overstocked and such overstocking is the root cause of soil erosion and that is being made the excuse for compelling us to sell our cattle to the company owning the factory at a price being a quarter (or even less) of the ordinary local market price. Ordinary prices vary from 50*s.* to 100*s.*

The petition goes on to describe how the District Commissioner informed the Wakamba that their cattle were to be sold at a fixed price of 12*s.* per head, male and female, and that those which were not compulsorily sold would be branded with a Government mark. The people refused. Three successive meetings were called to try to persuade them to agree, but the Wakamba spokesmen persisted that there were markets all over the district, and that anyone wishing to purchase cattle should do so at those markets at the ordinary market prices.

The forced sale in May is the sequel to this struggle. The petition sums up the Wakamba view:

> We feel that it is—to say the least—a strange doctrine which lays down that one should not possess more than a certain number of cattle, or more than a certain amount of money, for that, in effect, is what the order means.
>
> We cheerfully pay our taxes and would equally cheerfully pay more, each according to his means, if the extra taxation were for our benefit, education and general uplift and the progress of our district, but the policy of compelling even the poorest among us—those who have three cows must sell two and keep one—to contribute to the profits of a wealthy concern, is not understood by us.

Mr. Lionel Curtis, writing on another African question—that of the Protectorates and the Union of South Africa—once made a significant observation:

> A British official of long experience in India and the Dominions once said in my hearing that no Government can be trusted to enforce veterinary restrictions on purely veterinary grounds—(*Times*, 13/5/35).

This is worth quoting, as many British readers will feel that no British administration could be guilty of the underhand intentions implied in the Wakamba statement. The Government has certainly incurred the suspicion, to say the least, of using its power to benefit a European firm at the Wakamba people's expense. In a country which lives by cattle-farming, few things could undermine trust in the Government more fundamentally.

The people of England object to Fascism; they are ready to fight to save other democratic countries from coming under the Fascist or Nazi yoke. But if ever they have to fight in earnest they will need the wholehearted support of the colonial peoples themselves. How can they expect that support unless they convince them that British methods are different and that British claims to stand for democracy and freedom are true?

15 Cranleigh Houses, Cranleigh Street, N.W.1. JOMO KENYATTA, General Secretary, The Kikenya Central Association

A PRISON ANTHOLOGY

SIR,—We are editing an anthology of prison literature, collected from countries all over the world. Verse, letters and other writings are eligible for inclusion provided that they were actually *written in prison*. Speeches for the defence of prisoners, if these were clearly prepared in prison while their authors were awaiting trial, are also to be included.

Among our present list are contributors ranging from Boethius to Ernst Toller, and Sir Walter Raleigh to O. Henry. We are convinced, however, that there is much more material of sufficient human interest to warrant inclusion. There must be personal letters, now in private hands, to the publication of which there could be no objection, and we should greatly appreciate either copies of such letters or loans of the originals. We would also be particularly glad of any information regarding the prison writing of the late E. D. Morel, and of Erich Muhsam, both of whom have so far eluded us.

A. G. STOCK
REGINALD REYNOLDS

53 Cleveland Square,
London, W.2.

Miscellany

THE WAR IN CHINA

[The following are the first two impressions of Mr. Isherwood, who is now in China with Mr. W. H. Auden. We hope to publish further articles by Mr. Isherwood.]

I—HANKOW

FROM the point of view of a journalist, or indeed of anybody who likes to be on the spot while history is being made, Hankow is, at this moment, undoubtedly one of the half-dozen most interesting places in the world. It is the Barcelona of China. True, it is not the official seat of the Government, for the President has retired to Chungking; and it has not the strategic importance of Canton, that gateway by which a large proportion of foreign war supplies must reach the Chinese Army; but it is to Hankow that you must come if you want to get some idea of how China is fighting this war, and to meet the men and women who are directing her efforts.

Cut off from the sea by the Japanese occupation of the Yangtze river-mouth, Hankow has still two important links of communication with the outside world, the daily air-service from Hong Kong, and the Canton-Hankow railway. So far, the Japanese have left the air-service alone, perhaps for fear of more international incidents. The railway, of course, is bombed, but with extreme inefficiency.

It was by railway that we first arrived, one morning early in March, at the Wuchang station. Wuchang is on the south bank of the river, Hankow on the north; we stumbled down to the ferry-boat in a tearing blizzard. After the steamy warmth of Canton, it was like finding oneself suddenly in pre-war Siberia; for the buildings along the Bund are all Occidental—the warehouses, offices and consulates of the former European concessions—and most of the restaurants and bars are kept by Russian emigrants, a fat defeated tribe, who lead a melancholy indoor life of gossip, tea-drinking, Mah-Jongg and cards.

At Wuchang, live General Chiang Kai-Shek and his wife—"The Generalissimo" and "Madame" as Mr. Donald, their Australian friend and adviser, invariably calls them. Mr. Donald, who started life as a journalist, appears to occupy the position of a kind of oracle—an oracle of common-sense. One half-expects to meet an adventurer, a diplomat or a sycophant, and finds instead a matter-of-fact, downright, middle-aged man, kindly and hospitable, with a weakness for patent medicines, who will eat nothing but European food, and speaks only English. Mr. Donald's ignorance of Chinese, people tell you, is his greatest asset, in this land of plots and secrets.

Through Mr. Donald's kindness, we were privileged to drink tea with Madame herself—that charming, super-efficient and highly formidable lady, whose American mission-training has equipped her with a perfect command of the English language and an almost terrifying social poise. "Do poets like cake?" she asked. We assured her that we did. "I thought, perhaps, that they preferred spiritual food." The cakes were delicious. (Did Mr. Donald choose them, we wondered.) After tea, Madame answered our questions with the ease and affability of a professional lecturer. The Generalissimo himself we saw only for a moment. Quiet, bald, seemingly gentle and shy, he was led by Madame on to the balcony to pose, arm in arm, for yet one more photograph. Under the camera's eye, he stiffened visibly, like a schoolboy who is warned to hold himself upright.

China has certainly collected an oddly-assorted bunch of friends and helpers. At the far end of the Bund, in the former Japanese Concession, General von Falkenhausen, the German military adviser, has his headquarters. Here, you find yourself in old Potsdam, amidst the heel-clickings, the stiff bows and the monocles—though the General himself, a lean elderly man in pince-nez, has more of the Prussian schoolmaster about him than the Reichswehr officer. Much has been written and speculated about the German advisers' role in Chinese affairs and the nature of their relations with the Nazi Government, but there can be no doubt that their advice is given loyally and disinterestedly, even if it is not always taken.

And at the other extremity of the international quarter, at a distance from the Germans which may well be regarded as symbolic, lives Miss Agnes Smedley, that veteran friend and chronicler of the Red (now 8th Route) Army. Miss Smedley is not so optimistic as the General. She fears, and perhaps with reason, for the ultimate future of the Chinese Communists when this war is over.

What a day one might spend in this extraordinary city! Breakfasting with Comrade Po Ku of the 8th Route Army; lunching with a dyspeptic munitions agent who shows you photographs of the Shanghai corpses; having tea and exchanging rumours with the foreign journalists; trying to interview the Russian airmen, who never open their mouths, or the charming and enthusiastic Chinese intellectuals, who seldom shut them; dining with the British Admiral who, parted from his ship by the Yangtze boom, has become an ardent collector of antiques; passing the evening at the Chinese opera, or a Russian cabaret, or the German Club. And, at last, when everybody else has gone to bed, and the evening air-raid was over, you might, if you had the constitution of an ox, return to the journalists again, and sit drinking Chinese wine out of small metal tea-pots, and boasting in three languages, until dawn.

II.—THE FRONT LINE

EARLY on the morning of March 27th we left Hsiuchiou, in rickshaws, for the northern front. To anybody wishing to visit a battle-area whose location and extent are vague, rickshaw-travel is strongly to be recommended. Trains get held up, lorries demand roads, horses cannot carry much baggage; but in a rickshaw you are your own master—you can make detours, take short cuts across open country, and, if enemy planes come over, a single bound will land you safely in the ditch.

Where was the War? We asked at every village, but nobody could tell us for certain. There was still no sign of it when, late that afternoon, we bumped downhill into Li Kwoe Yi. Somewhere, in that marvellously peaceful valley which opened beyond, dotted with labouring coolies in their brilliant blue clothes and big straw hats, were the Japanese. The blossom was just beginning on the slopes, and the landscape reminded us strongly of the Thames near Oxford. Not a gun was to be heard; not a puff of smoke to be seen.

Ahead of us a soldier was riding. We stopped him to ask how and why his pony had turned bright green. He explained that the Army camouflages all its white horses against aircraft, and directed us to General Chang-Tschen's headquarters, in a village at the foot of the hills, a mile or so away.

General Chang-Tschen received us with the grave polite-

ness of an elderly university professor—his first words were an apology for the supper he was about to offer us. While it was cooking he explained the situation. We were nearer to the Front than we had supposed, for the Chinese were actually holding the south bank of the Grand Canal, hardly two miles distant. Han Chwang, on the northern canal bank, was in Japanese hands. "But there are also many Chinese troops north of the canal," the General added. "They are surrounding the Japanese at various points. When these have been taken, we shall advance." At this moment the bell of the field-telephone rang. "Ah . . ." murmured the General, apologetically. "We have information that the Japanese will soon begin to fire their gun. Please do not be alarmed. It is only a very small gun. . . ."

After supper, mounted on tiny ponies, we trotted across the fields by the light of the setting sun, towards the lines. In the distance the boom of the unalarming "small gun" could be heard, like the slamming of a far-away door. We dismounted in another village, now occupied only by troops and barking dogs, where we were introduced to more officers, with the inevitable exchange of visiting-cards. From this point, we were told, we must advance in single file, on foot—a precaution perhaps deliberately staged by our hosts to provide us with an extra thrill; for here, as we later discovered, we were not merely out of sight of the enemy but also out of range. The great earthworks, in the twilight, looked absolutely deserted; they were sad with all the boredom and tragic idleness of war. Then their inhabitants, some of them boys of fifteen, emerged from straw-lined holes to salute us as we passed. "How do they recognise an officer?" we asked—for, at the Front, there is no distinction of uniforms—and were answered: "An officer is recognised by his face."

Next morning we visited the front-line itself. The sun shone brightly. It was hot and sinister and deadly quiet. Crouching in dug-outs under the shattered railway bridge, and amongst the ruined huts opposite Han Chwang village, the men talked in whispers, for the Japanese were so near that you could have thrown a stone into their lines. Nevertheless, tea was produced from somewhere, and we bowed and smoked and chatted. "England has helped China very much in this war," the officers told us politely; and we had to protest, all too sincerely, that England hadn't helped nearly enough.

It is difficult for a foreigner to assess Chinese morale, for cocksureness and boasting in the Western manner are rare. The average officer speaks of China's chances with an air of gentle deprecation; and yet he is ultimately confident, or, at least, hopeful. "The Japanese fight with their tanks and planes," one of them told us, "but we Chinese fight with our spirit." When we had seen everything we were asked for our opinion of the trench system. The officers seemed actually disappointed when we praised it: they would really have welcomed even a foreign civilian's suggestions and advice.

As we walked back towards Li Kwoe Yi, the newly arrived battery of Chinese guns opened fire over our heads, bombarding Han Chwang village. The Japanese replied, but the Chinese battery was far beyond their range. For the first time the advantage in equipment did not lie with the enemy. The battle, which was to culminate in the Chinese victories of a week later, had just begun.

CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD

MUSIC OLD AND NEW

THE International Society for Contemporary Music is now holding its annual festival, and this year it is taking place in London; meanwhile at Glyndebourne this year's production of Mozart's *Cosi fan Tutte* has been added to the year's revivals and it has aroused in me such mixed feelings that I must give expression to them even at the risk of appearing somewhat censorious and hard to please. Let me say, therefore, at once that, to those who do not know this opera of Mozart's, the Glyndebourne production will be a revelation, for it has so many merits that music-lovers could not fail to obtain extraordinary enjoyment from it. Nevertheless, it has to my mind some very grave defects.

In the first place, I do not feel that Carl Ebert, the producer, has altogether the right conception of this work, otherwise surely he would not permit the two singers (Roy Henderson and Heddle Nash) who take the parts of the lovers, Guglielmo and Ferrando respectively, to clown indiscriminately their parts as they do? I admit that Mozart in this work has presented the producer with enormous difficulties. The strain of extravagance, of an ebullient exuberance—what Professor Dent has described as Mozart's tendency to lay his colours on too thickly—in Mozart which is the very essence of his genius, as it is, I think, a primary element in all genius, is nowhere more evident than in his treatment of the libretto of *Cosi fan Tutte*. This libretto has been described by one Professor of Music as an idea "in itself absurd enough" and by a well-known critic as "a mildly amusing piece which contains nothing so seriously unpleasant as the Count's pursuit of Susanna in *Figaro*."

It astonishes me that critics who recognise elsewhere Mozart's keen dramatic intelligence and exactingness about his librettos when they perceive the inconsistency between their own ideas of the libretto of *Cosi fan Tutte* and Mozart's music to it, should not be brought to wonder whether their own conception of the libretto can be the correct one. My own interpretation is entirely different. It seems to me transparently clear that to Mozart there was no inconsistency whatever between his libretto and his music. For a hundred years musicians have agreed that *Cosi fan Tutte* is from the musical point of view as near perfection as is humanly possible, and that it contains much of the finest operatic music Mozart ever wrote. It really would be more than odd if such music were occasioned by a passage of trifling nonsense—which is what so many writers pretend this libretto to be!

The whole difficulty, as I see it, is caused by the violence of Mozart's genius. He passes from the grotesquely, fantastically comic to the most heartrending seriousness almost in a breath. This is what makes not only *Cosi fan Tutte* but most of his best works so difficult to understand and so difficult to present adequately. Unless we have a firm grasp of the fact (for to me it is a fact) that *Cosi fan Tutte* is both madly comic and madly serious we shall utterly misunderstand it. And I use the word "mad" not to signify that it is in the slightest degree "senseless," but to suggest that it is thoroughly "immoderate," as a great work of genius must always be. The fact that this "immoderation" is held safely within an artistic form is the very proof that we have before us a work of genius and not the mere clever tasteful affair that many scholars and academic minds would—I sometimes think—prefer.

Now in the production of this work, Fritz Busch has seen to it that the serious music is sung and played with the passionate seriousness it demands and the comic with the violence and cruelty it also demands. This is one great virtue of the performance, although I personally would ask for even more passion. But Carl Ebert, who has been successful where the cleverness and adroitness of an able actor is all that is demanded—that is, in certain details of the staging and the "business"—has not got the primary simple grasp of Mozart's conception which is needed. It is not enough to be clever and tricky here. One must understand the profound and direct savagery of Mozart's conception. The actors who play the parts of these two young men must, by the second act, have become frantic and quite beside themselves, put, as they now are, in the place of men of honour pledged to test their mistresses' faithfulness (in which they so wholeheartedly believed) and finding that they are succeeding in their false seduction of them. They have to go on playing their parts and into the playing of them Mozart has put a frantic intensity of desperation. This must be expressed by the actors. The comedy in their situation may leak in flashes into their own minds, but one must feel the oscillation between the comedy and the

tragedy in their own attitude. To play these parts consistently farcically is to destroy the piece utterly. Unfortunately, Mr. Heddle Nash seems so naturally gifted for conveying an impression of archness both in his acting and vocally that the character of Ferrando disappears completely in his hands. Mr. Henderson's natural jollity is another handicap. But the fact is that these two parts call for acting as well as singing of the highest quality, and perhaps it is too much to expect a subtlety and passion of histrionic art such as we rarely see on the legitimate stage from two operatic singers.

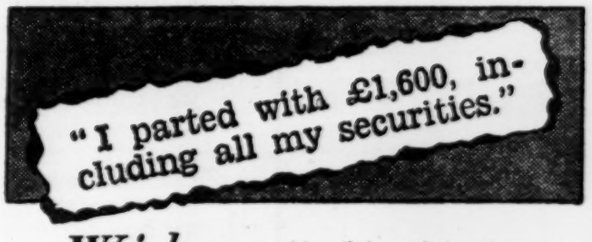
I have left very little space to speak of the first concert of the I.S.C.M. at the Queen's Hall. Works by V. Kaprálová (Czechoslovakia), Jozef Koffler (Poland), Lennox Berkeley (England), Anton von Webern (Austria), Manuel Rosenthal (France), Julian Bautista (Spain) and Igor Markevitch (Russo-Switzerland) were performed. Every one of these compositions was on a high level of competence. There was nothing unintelligible and no insincere straining after effect; in fact, if one left out the great names of music these works would compare well with any similar programme of music that could be made out of the production of every generation since Mozart. The most original composition was Anton von Webern's "Das Augenlicht," but all were works definitely contemporary in character. I shall have more to say about this Festival next week. W. J. TURNER

BRAQUE

THE exhibition at Messrs. Rosenberg and Helft's is profoundly exhilarating and, in the Prayer Book sense of the word, comfortable. It is one more proof of the power of the individual to transcend his environment. In the blackest moments of past history there has been a poet here, a sculptor there, that could continue in spite of all the anguish and despair around him, to produce works of enduring, classic loveliness. In their own times men of this spirit are apt to incur disapproval, for their serenity is interpreted as callousness; but their work remains for the refreshment of future centuries. Braque is a shining example of such a man. He continues to develop and perfect his delicate gifts, untroubled—as far as one can judge from his works—by the world he lives in. Whereas Picasso reflects the anguish and turmoil of the times, Braque gravely puts out increasingly beautiful paintings, almost as a growing chesnut-tree in a slum puts out yearly a more sumptuous plumage of flower and leaf. He is a painter in whom perfection of taste amounts to genius. If in the future, thousands of years after the disappearance of our civilisation, some of his works were discovered intact, archaeologists might suppose them to reflect a society as refined as that of the Sung Empire. He is, of course, superlatively French, with brain and senses beautifully in balance, a fellow-countryman of the tapestry-makers and Limoges enamellers, of Ronsard and La Fontaine, of Gabriel and Chardin, of Nerval and Debussy. If asked why one was devoted to France, there would be no need to speak of prodigées like Balzac, or Rimbaud, Degas or Cézanne, one could be content with a reference to Braque. He is not one of the supreme men of genius, the great imaginative inventors; his reach does not exceed his grasp, he is modest and almost faultless. There is no living painter with such beautiful quality of paint; and in colour, though not so inventive as Matisse, he is no less masterly. In this exhibition there is a painting called *Le Duo* that deserves to go straight to the National Gallery, where its sombre opulence would stand comparison with the masterpieces of the Venetian colourists. And there is another, *Fruits, Verre et Mandoline*, that is as complete and satisfactory a Still Life as any that I know. All these paintings date from the last four years. The latest of all has a spikiness and agitation of form that seems to me infelicitous. (Can it be that even Braque is beginning to be rattled?) But one can go round this exhibition again and again, surrendering oneself to the simple happiness of using one's eyes. Everyone that appreciates painting ought to make every effort to see these noble pictures—they are worth a long journey. Perhaps in the future men will not care for the mosaics of Ravenna, the glass of Le Mans, the carpets of Shah Abbas, the paintings of Vermeer and Chardin; but as long as they care for these, they will, I feel confident, delight also in the paintings of Braque. RAYMOND MORTIMER

FREAK SHOW

AT Messrs. Tooths' gallery, New Bond Street, M. Pawel Tchelitchew is exhibiting an important and long-considered work, with fifty-odd studies relating to it. The main picture is 9ft. high and 12 ft. long. It is painted in the livid colours of a night life rainbow which stretch in unifying bands across the picture, neon red and yellow, the wicked imitation sunlight of electric blue. The composition is simple in its main outlines. From the front of the picture a plain recedes in regular perspective to a transparent pyramid. The flanking walls are of rocks and buildings on one side, rubbish heaps, a painter's canvas and a side-show tent on the other. Beyond the pyramid is a papery waste ("the fields of newspaper"), suggesting desolation, and beyond that again, within a foot of the top of the canvas, a rocky sea coast with a shadowy fleet. The plain and, indeed, some of its boundaries too are covered with grotesques of all sorts, the so-called phenomena which the artist has set out to depict. Of these the most prominent are the painter himself, a figure called "half man half woman," Siamese twins and a "half man half lion." These figures in the foreground and a great many of those farther back are painted in the exaggerated perspective which M. Tchelitchew has made peculiarly his own. The underside of a Siamese twin's foot is as big as the rest of her body, painted the red of red ink



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contrasting violently with water of bright blue fountain-pen ink colour. There are rather more than a hundred "phenomena" distinguished in the key plan provided in the gallery. The examples quoted above give some idea of the sort of thing represented—a long list of monstrous deformities and evocative symbols. M. Tchelitchew's *facture* is meticulous rather than painterly. The picture holds together by the multiplicity of the detail and in this respect it is similar to the mystic and primitive works that are sometimes exhibited in the Royal Academy.

Only a super-sophistication amounting almost to perversity could find M. Tchelitchew's great work anything but hideous. It is doubtful indeed if the artist would like it to be thought beautiful in the ordinary sense of that word. M. Tchelitchew has other objectives. That a painter should feel a horror of the civilisation in which we live is understandable, and that he should wish to express his horror is to be expected. Bosch did it magnificently and one supposes that when M. Tchelitchew started this work the example at least, of Bosch was in his mind. The criticism of M. Tchelitchew's picture then, is not so much that it is horrid—which is legitimate—but that the horror is not expressed in terms of paint. *Phenomena* expresses horror no more forcibly than would a written list of its components, and the list might have the advantage among literates of being more easily comprehended. The painter's function is thus reduced from revelation to illustration. One feels that after so much care and thought have been expended upon it, this picture must have a message. But except in so far as it describes a private neurosis the message does not come across. The painting requires a lecture or a book to reinforce it. Standing alone as it does, Tchelitchew's picture defeats its own ends twice over. Firstly that in attempting only *abnormal* phenomena, his monstrosities become as meaningless by repetition as his mannerism of perspective; and secondly that in multiplying his examples he has only emphasised their incompleteness. A picture ten times the size with a hundred times the number of freaks must still be an incomplete picture. Faced with the prospect of lists increasing by geometrical progression one wonders whether it is really worth while, whether there is not something to be said for the method of a Rembrandt who could make of a single figure a universe of human feelings.

But that is perhaps beside the point, which is, quite simply, that M. Tchelitchew is not a painter. He has no colour sense and little or no feeling for paint. In black and white his work is infinitely more impressive than it is in colour. And when the large picture is taken apart, as it is in the preliminary studies shown, one can appreciate what a magnificent gift is here misused. M. Tchelitchew is a draughtsman of extraordinary ability and an illustrator of genius—drawing some besotted Jill out of Rabelais or some fright from Grimm he would be in his element. One can only hope that he will shortly be commissioned by some enlightened publisher to do both these jobs, and that he in return will leave oil painting to those that like it.

GRAHAM BELL

THE MOVIES

"North Sea" and "You and Me," at the Carlton

Documentary is a cold word. It suggests government offices, files, research, statistics: things that we know to be desirable, but cannot approach with enthusiasm. Who first applied the word to films of real life I don't know, but it was an unhappy choice. The new documentary Cavalcanti-Watt *North Sea* is more exciting, touching, dramatic and entertaining than any recent film, and its visual beauty also puts it in a class by itself. In a month of ramshackle commercialism it stands out like a lighthouse, and I cannot believe that any manager in these islands will regret booking it for his cinema. People love to know how other people live and work, as is shown by the popularity of those distant, inarticulate broadcasts of crofters and Canadian trappers. Here a naturally dramatic subject (the hazardous life of the North Sea fishing fleet and the maintenance of radio communication with ships in trouble) is treated with the selective instinct of a novelist and the eye of a painter. I cannot remember a more beautiful shot than that of the mist-shrouded harbour seen from the air in the early morning. A murmur of delight ran round the audience, and the German lady behind me murmured: "*Schönes Bild: ein Whistler, nicht wahr?*" But *North Sea* never diverges into the merely picturesque; it remains constant to its essential purpose, which is to show what all these splendidly competent and resourceful people are doing, and exactly how they do it. The trawler *John Gillman* sets sail at 8 a.m.; she strikes heavy seas, a meteorological warning is broadcast, the storm bursts, the pumps choke, and just as the radio operator is about to ask for a salvage pump the aerial is blown away. For 48 hours the crew toils desperately and at last successfully; the pumps are cleared, the aerial re-erected. The anxious but unruffled station operator on shore receives their signal again; the *John Gillman*, he learns with undemonstrative relief, is out of danger. A few mild jokes are cracked (how true and unforced they sound); he sighs, removes his earphones, and begins to clear up. That's that; another job's done. All the time the reality has been heightened by the small incongruities of life: the jazz-band which is the first thing picked up by the mended aerial, the children who in spite of the excitement fall asleep while their mothers wait dry-eyed for news at the shipping offices. The G.P.O. has many fine films to its credit, but none better than this, which makes you, no matter what the day's news from Berlin or Canton, proud after all of the human race.

It is followed at the Carlton by one of the strangest products of America's moral reawakening we have seen. *You and Me* is directed by Fritz Lang who has made of it a sort of Hollywood translation of the Soviet *Road to Life*: an odd mixture, but not at all a boring one. The film describes the experiment of a public-spirited employer who, believing in a fair deal for the discharged convict, mans his department store with ex-criminals. It opens with a brilliant montage-cum-song-sequence on the theme that you've got to pay for everything, and continues in Hollywood's most diverting vein to show us the different departments: one assistant demonstrates tin-openers with the ease born of long experience with safes, another sells racquets ("I've tried all the rackets there are, lady, and this one is the best"), a third terrorises a little girl into taking a toy she doesn't want. Then we meet the principals, George Raft and Sylvia Sidney; both are employees and both ex-convicts, and the girl is still on parole. The most important rule for those on parole is, it seems, not to marry; and when he asks her to marry him, she dares not reveal her past to him and is caught in a web of concealment and deceit. The psychology seems false here; the two are shown as desperately in love, and she knows all about him; I cannot believe in her inability to reveal the truth about herself, nor in his excessive reactions when at last he finds it out. But the film suffers from other faults besides uncertain psychology. Its action shifts uncomfortably from one gear to another: from ordinary realism to a sort of expressionism in the manner of the *Drei Groschenoper*, and indeed the music of the film has been written by Kurt Weill himself in a similar style. Though Lang clearly revels in this device, the transitions are too abrupt, and the scene in which he uses it to show the ex-jailbirds yielding to the old lure quite fails to come off. Their attempted burglary of their benefactor's store is foiled by Miss Sidney who, changing gear once again, delivers to them then and there a highly unexpected Shavian lecture, complete with blackboard, to prove that crime doesn't pay. The bad boys on the screen are more easily convinced by her figures than the more cynical members of the audience; and the last scene shows Mr. Raft, now as good as gold, pocketing a bottle of Miss Sidney's favourite scent, paying for it at the till, tax and all, and presenting it to his girl, who has, it so happens, that very moment given birth to a son. "*Echt* film," said the German lady.

PETER GALWAY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Eresoïnka," at the Aldwych

The Basque Academy of Dancing and the Basque National Choir combine at the Aldwych in a spectacle which gives the audience an insight into the characteristics of a most likeable race, and is also exceptionally good entertainment. The traditional songs and dances, some of them so old that their origin is unknown, are still a living part of Basque culture, and there is no trace in *Eresoïnka* of the self-conscious "folkishness" that afflicts performances of artificial resuscitations. The first half of the programme is a straightforward recital of popular songs and dances. The perfectly controlled choir sings really well, providing its own accompaniment somewhat in the manner of the Comedy Harmonists in their more serious moments, and the songs are appealing and skilfully arranged. But the dances are more interesting, because they are more unusual. The technique is simple, being restricted almost entirely to deft footwork, which is executed with astonishing precision—even the Ballet Russe might learn something from the dancers' twinkling feet and their irreproachable ensemble work. In the second half, "Lurrun-Kresala," a further series of songs and dances has been built up into a gay "living newspaper" of Basque customs. The production is masterly—episode slides into episode with cinematic slickness—and the dancers and singers match their unsophisticated material with a nonchalant self-assurance and a sense of humour which give an air of spontaneity to the performance. *Eresoïnka* scored a great success with the audience, and, if Londoners have a nose for a good thing, the announced season of two weeks should be extended into one of as many months.

"Comedienne," at the Haymarket

Mr. Novello is adept at serving mild-and-bitter in cocktail glasses; and at first sight this latest presentation of that old favourite Laugh, Clown, Laugh, or Tears Beneath the Tinsel, is neither better nor worse than most of its numerous predecessors. Donna Lovelace, the once-great actress fading into age and obscurity, her chance of a come-back in a play by her husband's illegitimate son, her failure on the first night, and her bitterly gay supreme sacrifice, are very old stuff, and even Mr. Novello's sense of the theatre would not, in the ordinary course, have lifted *Comedienne* out of novellettish mediocrity. The credit for making this sentimental comedy into a drama goes to Miss Lilian Braithwaite as Donna Lovelace. Faced with the difficult problem of suggesting tragic brilliance in the language of light comedy, Miss Braithwaite has invested her part with a power that makes every tantrum significant and witticism profound. (Yet how could one help wishing to see Mrs. Campbell act the part?) Through all Donna's oddity, conceit and stagey affectation we never lose sight of her enormous talent; and the awe and respect expressed by the other characters seem wholly proper and credible. Miss Braithwaite's sun outshines the circling planets, but most of them spin in their limited orbits with competence and effect. Miss Cecily Byrne and Mr. Barry Jones are politely amusing as a Lord and Lady, Miss Kathleen Harrison is raucously pleasant in the part of Honest Vulgarity, and Miss Fabia Drake almost alarmingly natural as an earnest young actress. Whether even Miss Braithwaite will be able to hit up a run on such an overworked wicket remains to be seen; for ourselves, in spite of its well-worn characterisation and theme, we found *Comedienne* a very good night's entertainment.

Russian Ballet, Covent Garden

Nobody seems to know precisely what Russian Ballet is now giving a season at Covent Garden. Massine and Danilova are not members of the present company—at least not at present. Toumanova is still in America, but Fokine, who took a call after *Le Coq d'Or* on the first night last Monday, is there to supervise the performances of his own ballets and two of the best dancers of recent years, Riabouchinska and Baronova, are in the company which includes Lichine, Jasinsky, Petroff and other members of last year's company, with the addition of Nemtchinova. The performance of *Les Sylphides* was on the whole a good one, the orchestral playing under Dorati being better than formerly, but Nemtchinova was rather stiff and mechanical. Riabouchinska was superb; she is one of the most accomplished dancers of our time and seems to become more certain and mature in her style every year. Some of the brilliancy seemed to have gone out of the *Mariage d'Aurore*, but the performance of *Le Coq d'Or* was full of verve and had some additional features. The scenery and costumes by Gontcharova are among the finest the modern stage has known. Here is true fantasy, rich invention and unfailing virtuosity. If we are to enjoy the Ballet, one cannot exaggerate the importance of obtaining the co-operation of Massine. Not only does he own, as far as we can understand, the copyright of his unsurpassed choreographic inventions, *Boutique Fantasque* and *Tricorne*, but he is the only choreographer, except our own Mr. Ashton, to whose future works we can look forward with the certainty of being interested.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, June 25th—
- Music and Drama Festival. To July 2nd. Canterbury Cathedral.
- Garden Fete in aid of Spanish Relief, King Alfred School, Golders Green, 3.

SUNDAY, June 26th—
- Prof. T. H. Pear on "Social Statification and Behaviour," Conway Hall, 11.
- Paul Robeson sings at S.C.R. Week-end School, Digswell Park Conference House, Welwyn, 4.30.
- "Behind the Spanish Lines," and "Spanish A.B.C.," Cambridge Theatre.

MONDAY, June 27th—
- London Shakespeare Festival. To July 2nd. Particulars from TEM 3131.
- Public Meeting to welcome Jawaharlal Nehru, Kingsway Hall, 8. Tickets from India League.

TUESDAY, June 28th—
- Charles E. Collet on "Early African History," Friends House, 1.20.
- Dr. W. G. S. Adamson on "The Philosophical Study of Politics," Wright Memorial Lecture, University College, 5.45.
- Midsummer Dance in aid of Westminster Housing Association, Victory House, Leicester Sq., 8.30. Tickets 3s. 6d.
- "Don Pasquale," Glyndebourne Opera Festival.
- "Maritza," Palace.
- "Sexes and Sevens," Vaudeville.
- "The Tempest," Open Air.

FRIDAY, July 1st—
- Reginald Sorensen on "The Case for Pacifism," Kensington Town Hall, 8.
- "None So Blind," produced by the Clarion Theatre, Rudolf Steiner Hall. Tickets from R. Orchard, 26/2 Sancroft St., S.E.11.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

D. H. LAWRENCE once told me that his grandfather had greatly influenced General Booth in founding the Salvation Army, but that they had quarrelled, and Booth, a practical man, had fired his grandfather out. It is amusing to suppose its happening the other way—Beardsall kicking out Booth—and D. H. Lawrence being brought up by his puritan mother to inherit the generalship of the Salvationists. How magnificently his imagery would have blended with theirs, and what a religion he would have made. Blood, sex, the Risen Christ, the dark gods, and the solar plexus welded together with brass bands and tambourines by a great poet into a new apocalypse to inflame thousands of fanatics. There would have been an age of miracles, a civil war, and he might even have run away with the British Empire on the biggest wild-goose chase in history. Lawrence was always hankering after a following and planning communities. On February 1st, 1915, he wrote urging Ottoline Morrell to form the nucleus of a new community which should start a new life:

> Let us all be good together, instead of just in the privacy of our chambers. . . . We will found an order, and we will all be Princes, as the angels are.

Similar projects were discussed with Bertrand Russell, Murry, Huxley, Heseltine, etc. Anyone who turned up was roped in. There was a strong streak of the religious revivalist in Lawrence, and he usually had a number of converts floundering in his wake. He liked a crew of hangers-on, and then he hated them, or they betrayed him, etc.

* * *

In 1922 Mabel Sterne (previously Dodge and later Luhan) got Lawrence to go to Taos in New Mexico, where there was a mixed society of Indians, artists, and old-time cowboys and "bad men." Lawrence soon got on to strained terms with her and most of the community. Mabel Sterne was too dominating and possessive. Her side is given in *Lorenzo in Taos*. At this moment two Danish painters, Merrild and Gótzsche, turned up in an ancient Ford they had driven from New York. They met Lawrence, whose books they had not read, and greatly attracted him by their honest open characters. He was fed up, as he wrote to Catharine Carswell, with:

> Women in breeches and riding boots and sombreros and money and motor cars and wild west. It is all inwardly a hard stone and nothingness. . . . Taos too much. Mabel Sterne and suppers and motor drives and people dropping in.

So Lawrence and Frieda got the Danes to drive them off to two empty log cabins in the mountains and begged them to stay the winter with them. Merrild hesitated, foreseeing trouble, but at length gave way; they lived together for four months, and he has now written *A Poet and Two Painters* (Routledge, 12*s*. 6*d*.), which gives far the best account of Lawrence that I have read. The reason is partly that the Danes, as they were always called, were of a less complicated, more manly and sensible type than the run of disciples, partly that only by living at close quarters could one get to know Lawrence's best side, which in my experience was when he was cooking and doing the housework and arranging all the details of daily life. Here is Frieda at the washtub:

> I have helped her to wring out the washing and spread the big sheets out on the frozen snow to dry and bleach. With her hands resting on her hips, she would look at it with delight and pride. "How nice and clean it is now. Look at it, it is whiter than the snow." . . . Lawrence said it would reach a point of whiteness where the colours would break up, and she'd go out and find pieces of rainbow on the grass and bushes instead of towels and shirts. "Shouldn't I be startled?" she said, accepting it as quite a possible contingency, and adding thoughtfully, "No, not really."

Once a fortnight they all rode off to scrub themselves in the hot springs, and came back from their forty-mile ride feeling as clean as the sheets, singing: Leezie Lindsay, Auprès de ma blonde, etc. Merrild is the only writer about the later Lawrence who gives any idea of how delightful he was to live with when things went well. Of course, one had to put up with the fact: "he just wouldn't be told anything. He was preaching and teaching all the time." Gótzsche had a violin, Merrild a flute: they had a musical evening beginning with Handel's Largo. "How perfectly awful," exclaimed Lawrence, but they ignored him and completed their programme, ending with folk-songs he liked. Soon Lawrence had got out his comb and a piece of paper, and the Danes were trying to drown the row he made. Lawrence could not appreciate classical music because:

> It simply bored him to listen and mostly, I think, he hated to be left out.

He was a bad loser. After being defeated at chess he did not care to play again.

* * *

> "Frieda, stop your smoking." "Why should I?" she replied. "I won't have it, take that cigarette out of your mouth," he said with anger. Provoked, she retorted: "I will not." In a fury, Lawrence leaped to his feet, leaned over the table and swung his arm, full force, at Frieda's face, trying with his hand to knock the cigarette out of her mouth.

Merrild, who describes the incident as an hysterical outbreak, adds that he can remember no quarrels between them. But after that Frieda had to keep her reserve supply of cigarettes in the Danes' cabin, just as she had to get Merrild to post her letters to her children, because Lawrence became infuriated if he found out that she corresponded with them. Merrild loved and admired Lawrence:

> But I couldn't make it come out right. I still thought he was pretty small with Frieda about her cigarettes and her children.

Frieda was free to leave him, and at the end of that winter she did, going back to England and staying there until he was forced to give in and follow. But the same fiendish jealousy showed itself towards Pips, the little black bitch to which he was absolutely devoted. Merrild's account of how Pips came on heat, and obeying her own dark gods, ran off with a ranch dog while Lawrence went raving mad with jealousy, is one of the most terrible and, at the same time, comic pictures of human passion I have read. After her betrayal, Pips took refuge with the Danes and was lying on Gótzsche's knees when Lawrence burst in, exclaiming: "So there you are, you dirty, false little bitch," knocked her on to the ground and flung himself on the floor after her, like a wild beast. She rushed out, Lawrence dashed in pursuit and, overtaking her in the deep snow, in which she was struggling to escape, kicked and kicked her again, while she yelled; then, picking her up, he hurled her away with all his might, and rushed forward to kick her again until the horrified Danes faced him and gave the poor beast a chance to escape into the woods. Lawrence was beside himself and was spoiling for a fight, but Merrild, an Olympic champion, was not attracted by the certainty of victory over a sick man, and when the dog had gone they separated silently. Pips returned to the Danes that night:

> When Lawrence came the next day, he did not apologise in words; but he had baked bread and some delicious cakes for us and was very very nice, as was his custom when he knew he had done something he did not approve of himself.

Pips stayed with them until Lawrence was ill, when she jumped on to his bed and they were reconciled. Many readers will be shocked by Lawrence's cruelty, but more shocking is the complete lack of any power of detachment. At the same time the whole affair strikes me as comic as well as horrible: Othello becomes a figure of nightmarish farce when Desdemona is a bitch and Cassio a ranch dog. Months later Lawrence wrote to Merrild, after Pips had been left behind at Taos:

> I dreamed last night of Pips. But I feel she, too, was a false little dog, a bit of . . .

Worse than the scenes, if you lived with Lawrence, were the times when you felt suffocated by his ideas. He sometimes talked such half-baked rubbish and was so ignorantly cocksure. It was impossible to know Lawrence without loving him. Sometimes a devil, sometimes a bore, he was extraordinarily alive, the best company in the world, and, I suppose, a very great man.

DAVID GARNETT

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Literary Supplement

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1938

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CONSCIENCE

Kierkegaard. By WALTER LOWRIE. *Oxford.* 25s.

The international interest in Søren Kierkegaard has now been at work long enough for the scaffolding of his life to be generally known; but this, the first book in English to deal in detail with the life and work of the great Danish thinker, by quoting very fully from Kierkegaard's own words, is also the first adequately to convey the transitions from stage to stage which Kierkegaard insisted was the way his life must be read, if it was to yield its secret.

From the first, that very Ibsenian character, Michael Kierkegaard, the prosperous wool-merchant with his secret guilt of having cursed God and sinned with his second wife (the poet's mother) before marriage, counted for everything in Søren's life. The tremendous sway which he assumed over him, shut out the mother's influence entirely. There is something sinister about the way in which the elderly man deliberately seized on this son of his as a means of vicarious expiation. He carefully insinuated into the tender young mind the idea of a common guilt. Guarding it jealously as an extension of his own *persona*.

The melancholic temperament is easily given to the romantic style, and the young Kierkegaard (1830–41) took the inevitable path. As he himself afterwards dared to observe, the Christian way is not appropriate to all stages of life—particularly not to the "aesthetical," life-for-life's-sake period through which most young men of vivid intellect have to pass. The heroic examples of this phase are variously called Faust, Don Juan, the Wandering Jew: they are all one character and Kierkegaard saw himself reflected in them. Armed with his sense of vicarious guilt and no doubt wishing to substantiate it, he now kicked over the parental traces and threw himself into a life of debauchery. This is what he gives us to understand, in his typically pseudonymous manner; but Mr. Lowrie makes it clear that the debauchery was of a very mild description indeed—occasional drinking parties and a single episode in a brothel (not proved). It is obvious, I think, that Kierkegaard lacked the physical vitality for this kind of thing. As he admits, he used his imagination, not his senses, to the ends of pleasure; and this is fatal to even minimal success in the "aesthetical" life. It rapidly brought him up to the usual dead-end. "I feel like a piece on the chess-board when the opponent says of it, 'That piece cannot be moved,'" he says; and elsewhere: "So am I bound with a chain forged out of dark imaginings, out of alarming dreams, out of uneasy thoughts, out of direful forebodings, out of inexplicable dreads." Kierkegaard was afterwards to sum up this period of his life in that masterly piece of analysis, *The Concept of Dread*, from which it is plain how deeply he was obsessed with the anarchic destructiveness so characteristic of the aesthetic fallacy in action. Dreading to be the self he realised was the true one, he likewise dreaded ceasing to be the false self he hated yet clung to as the principle of his own identity.

It was at this moment that he met, and fell in love with, Regina Olsen. The poet's romantic love of dichotomies, which led him to entitle *Either Or*, the fascinating *grimoire* in which he described this painful affair, also led him to foresee a fatal issue from the outset, whichever line he took. Rendered a defeatist by his ineradicable conscience, he as usual allowed his imagination to play havoc with the plain facts. For Regina was a nice, ordinary girl, and she was in love with him. As long as she remained a passive, ideal figure (she was only fourteen when Kierkegaard first fell in love with her: one thinks of E. A. Poe and his Virginia), all was well. But she made the irretrievable mistake of coming to life—of returning his love. Terrified by this responsibility, deeply conscious of vague guilt—of complex inadequacy—Kierkegaard took the absurd course of pretending to be a worthless scoundrel, in the hope of thus driving Regina out of love with him. Of course this plan was a grotesque failure, deceiving all except the one person whom it was intended to deceive; but the fact that Kierkegaard could ever have thought that it would succeed, gives the measure of his remoteness from reality at the time.

The break with Regina proved to be the turning-point in his life. From that moment he veered away from the "aesthetical" point of view, and instead of barking up some nasty monkey-puzzle, in the manner of Nietzsche or D. H. Lawrence when faced with an analogous crisis, Kierkegaard preferred to become human, in the essential sense of the word, which is the Christian ethical sense. In the *Sickness Unto Death*, which is the most important document for this crisis and at the same time a maturing and extension of the ideas contained in *The Concept of Dread*, the poet describes how the Christian dares to be himself—i.e., a human being; while the "aesthetical," devil-ridden creature clings forever to the dread of this transformation. Wherein lies a tract for our times, in which the desperate abdication of self in favour of an hypostatised entity called the State is resulting in the wholesale de-humanisation of Europe.

But it was not until the frivolous spite of a newspaper campaign brought him up immediately against reality, that Kierkegaard saw his way clear. Such was the long and pointless attack of *The Corsair*: "It was the tension of reality which put a new string in my instrument."

The romantic spirit dies hard in a man, and—although Kierkegaard's conversion was the end-result of his outgrowing his obsession with guilt—it was probably inevitable that, once launched on his new path, he should develop into a martyr for the faith. He was, however, no mystic: God was to him the forever unknown, immitigable deity of Abraham (cf. *Fear and Trembling*) and of Job. The free will—that flame-tuft on the head of Necessity—he claimed as a paramount element in faith; and that faith, when once he firmly grasped it, was uncompromising. It was another dichotomy (a final one this time)—all or nothing. He insisted that a minister of the Church must be a "witness for the truth," through and through, and twenty-four hours a day. Thus his attack on the established Church of Denmark had something of the character of the Oxford Movement, with which it was roughly contemporary. The burden of his complaint was that we have not got, and never have had, Christianity in practice; or, as he wittily put it, all that we have is "a *charmante* religiousness, just as genuine as tea made with a bit of paper which once lay in a drawer beside another bit of paper which once had been used to wrap a few dried tea-leaves from which tea had already been made three times." What he failed to distinguish was that Christianity is an ideal and the Church its realisation in practice; *viz.*, that all its ministers should be inflexible witnesses for the truth, is unfortunately not a feasible proposition. I am not contending that Kierkegaard was not right in delivering his attack. There are certain practical standards below which it is unnecessary to fall, and no doubt Bishop Mynster and his successor, Professor Martensen, against whom the attack was mainly directed, were irritatingly bad examples of the suave, worldly prelate. But that does not dispose of the latter's contention that Kierkegaard had "no notion of a Church."

The importance of his attack lies in his persuasion that a true revival of religion must always come through emphasis on the ethical fundaments of the faith, and not in the tightening-up of dogma. This last was Rome's answer to the Reformation, a cardinal error which condemned her to reaction forever. We may see here Kierkegaard's significance for us. If the Churches, now in glum retreat, are still spasmodically militant, it is not with the weapons of Christ that they fight; and we of to-day are faced with the paradox of the large majority of selfless people, devoted to the service of humanity, existing outside of—even in opposition to—orthodox Christianity. These are now the true witnesses for the truth. They bear out Alain's dictum, that "to understand is always to pass beyond."

I think it probable that, as a writer, Kierkegaard will survive mainly by virtue of his earlier books, written before and during his conversion. As he himself never ceased to insist, he was a poet; and it is the breathless, rapt style, panting on and on, line after line, towards the tremendous conclusion of the paragraph, that gives the prose of these early books so exciting and original a quality. The value of his jokes is more questionable. The

humour of one age becomes the facetiousness of the next, and there will be little appreciation of Kierkegaard's peculiarly pedantic brand to-day.

In spite of the author's protest, that in the absence of English translations he wishes to quote as much as possible of Kierkegaard's own works, I cannot but feel that his book is indigestibly long. No good comes of overloading each separate point with a mass of illustrative citations so long that the original point is lost sight of in the others that arise. By judicious cutting the book could have been shortened by at least 150 pages, and the reader would then have been left with a clearer picture of the various stages of the poet's life. Again, Kierkegaard's use of words like "paradox," "offense," "repetition," "possibility," "instant," is sufficiently peculiar to require more elucidation than Mr. Lowrie accords us. He is all too apt to quote Kierkegaard at his most obscure, admit the obscurity—and then do nothing to lighten it. Yet, when all is said, we must be grateful to him for a careful and laborious piece of work, which must for some time remain indispensable to students of Kierkegaard.

Edward Sackville West

"THE MEN WERE SILENT, THE TREES TALKED"

The Witnesses. By Thomas Hennell. *Peter Davies.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Hennell, according to the blurb, is "a poet and painter of distinction" (this means, alas, that we have never heard of him) and *The Witnesses* is an account of his experiences during a period of insanity. He saw the inside of three asylums; he relates the crisis which led to his collapse, and his return to the world. Such a book, to be absorbing, must be pellucidly written. Readers of *The Shutter of Snow*, published a few years ago, will remember the lucid beauty that can be given to disordered images by a writer who grasps them poetically. In that case the experience, a cool inferno, was rendered exactly and with a delicate suggestion of distance. The other sort of detachment, necessary to give a clear picture, is psychological; then we must be shown the operation, the structure itself of the insanity. Mr. Hennell does not quite attain to either detachment; he is a little muddled, psychologically as well as aesthetically. Yet, though he may fail to provide us with either a complete case or a complete personality (he has a shot at both), he does succeed with remarkable vividness in conveying the delusions which for a time overwhelmed him. He conveys, too, at moments, the sort of life which goes on behind those high brick walls—a spectacle as disturbing to the onlooker as the clockmaker's window where every clock tells a different hour. "The men were silent, the trees talked"; that phrase, a title attached to a drawing of the asylum garden, is the sharpest in the book, and if Mr. Hennell always wrote as well, *The Witnesses* would be a masterpiece. When he was recovering he was able to examine his fellow prisoners with curiosity:

> Once a day the patients go out for half an hour or longer, and tramp round and round the enclosed court apportioned for this recreation. No one need walk; that is to say, no one is officiously "moved on" unless he is actually annoying another man. And here we meet men from other wards; there are enough characters to satisfy a curious observer. Here one man stands roaring out a speech, his hoarse cries are of one loudness and upon one note—whether he would reason, conciliate or excite, argue on politics, religion or education, the sound is exactly the same. Others suspiciously loiter, like turf accountants in secret practice; sprawl on the grass or sit as though begging for alms; or hop, skip and chase one another like grey-haired school children. This man takes one's hand, saying never a word; another stands cursing without provocation for as long as one will wait to hear him. And yonder an impressive, strong looking man walks rapidly and noticing no one, on a fixed beat, like Bonaparte at St. Helena.

Small talk, he tells us, practically did not exist; meals were eaten in silence; and when a man suddenly exclaimed, "No more keys! No more nails! Only tacks!" the others gazed at him without surprise. Yet there is a certain sympathy in this common silence of afflicted men to which Mr. Hennell ascribes a telepathic quality; no wonder, for in the ears of most a hubbub of voices, bells, explosions would preclude all communication except by looks. One man, he noted, would begin a letter, "My dear wife," and sit staring at the notepaper, unable to find a further word.

But, like opium, madness has its pleasures as well as its pains. So far as one can gather, Mr. Hennell's own case was religious mania following a sexual crisis; and he regarded it at first as a revelation, the discovery of a "new faculty." Everything became symbolic—though symbolic of what we are not told. Many of his actual delusions, visual and auditory, were unpleasant or terrifying, but evidently these were accompanied at times by an exaltation of the senses:

> All seemed balanced "on the top of the world"; to each least movement there were compensating reciprocals, so that the fall of clippings of hair disturbed our equilibrium. . . .

—a passage which might have come from Cocteau's *Opium*. And here the sensory dislocation is as distinct as possible:

> Seven or eight bells were heard in the distance and they seemed to form a pattern in space as though they were silver nails in the middle and corners of a coffin.

Such a sentence, appearing in the middle of a novel, would be no more than metaphor, but as it occurs in *The Witnesses* we are convinced that it is the shortest way of transcribing an actual experience. The lunatic lives his metaphors, a condition towards which many poets have striven. Rimbaud's "voluntary disorganisation of the senses" led him to write:

> Je devins un opéra fabuleux . . . Ce monsieur ne sait ce qu'il fait; il est un ange. Cette famille est une nichée de chiens.

His whole poetry, in fact, was an exploration of the borderland where metaphor becomes fact. It is not surprising that in an account like Mr. Hennell's, which has every mark of being authentic, we should find images which remind us of Rimbaud or Lautréamont:

> Stray cats were presently discerned to be familiar spirits, whose movements tokened distant malice or misfortune, or most convincingly, indifference. Dead plants had perished from sympathy with spiritual failures, lawn-rollers spoke loudly with voices of dead admirals or generals; little figures were seen sawing frantically at intricate obstructions, but on being observed, they sheltered themselves in forms of rags and pendent rubbish. The very birds' voices grew shrill as electric buzzers, and informed with doll-like desperation.

How far, of course, Mr. Hennell's writing has sprung naturally from events, how much it owes to deliberate modern technique, we cannot possibly tell; but, as I say, it seems genuine. Much of the book is impenetrable, odd and flat; by flashes, it is remarkable. We may read on for the sake of the story—to see whether Mr. Hennell will escape, what the countryside will look like to him, how his senses will recover; but it is the queer cinematograph in his head, brought momentarily into focus, which fascinates.

G. W. Stonier

GETTING AWAY FROM IT ALL

The Other Side of the Mountain. By James Ramsey Ullman. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A Modern Sea Beggar. By Temple Utley. *Peter Davies.* 9*s.*

Tibetan Adventure. By Herbert Tichy. *Faber and Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Valley of Flowers. By Frank S. Smythe. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 18*s.* 6*d.*

Death By Moonlight. By Robert Henriques. *Collins.* 15*s.*

When you are writing a travel book, it is no doubt useful to have "been places," but it is even more useful to be a writer.

Or so I felt about this lot. For times have changed. Nowadays the forbidden or forbidding land is not good enough. Wherever it is, however strange and inaccessible, we've been there before. We know about the desert and jungle, and the man-eaters and head-hunters and all the rest of the noble savages. We know that Europe is an extension of Colney Hatch, and that Himalayan shepherds, "whose clothes and footgear would not fetch sixpence in the Commercial Road," have peace in their eyes. We know even better, if possible, the sensations of these strong men who get away from it all—and whose idea of happiness is "to work twenty-four hours out of twenty-four, with every nerve on strain and death round the corner." We know how they enjoy being uncomfortable, and what a glow of righteousness it sets up—for that matter, we are pretty sure to have some friend who goes in for early rising, or a dip before breakfast. And we know how fervently (like Uriah Heep in prison) they "pity all who ain't here." It's old stuff, and very thrilling it was the first time or two; but after the fiftieth or five-hundredth repetition, one becomes peevish.

Even now, the escapists would have our sympathy if they would only let us alone. Everyone can understand the pleasure of a moral holiday: and "life on a magnificent scale," "life

where there are dangers" is a moral holiday first and foremost when you get down to it. It has the charm some men find in soldiering. Discipline—the relief and freedom of discipline—is here provided by Nature. Problems are simple and immediate. The explorer may have to think, but he is no longer obliged to think what to think about. And then he has the satisfaction of proving that he can take it; everyone would like to do that, so he really need not be so anxious to point the moral. Let him get on with the tale, bearing in mind Charles Lamb's admirable formula: "I will tell you a story, and I suppose you will understand it."

But the chances are that he has no story, he just wandered about. And if he has one, the chances are he can't tell it—not being a writer.

Some or all of these objections apply to all these books except one.

A Modern Sea Beggar has its own interest. It lacks form; it is crammed with praises of the strenuous life and diatribes on civilisation; but it is, unlike any of the others, a "human document." In 1930, Dr. Temple Utley sailed in the yawl *Inyala* for the Pacific; in 1935 he died in Suva of blood-poisoning. This record of the voyage has been compiled from manuscripts by his widow and sister. And though the author never ceases to exclaim what fun he has had—and though his zest for life comes out plainly—yet the whole effect is rather depressing. Dr. Utley was not one of those full-blooded unreflecting adventurers. It is inevitable to compare him with R. L. Stevenson. Like Stevenson, he was consumptive, intelligent and self-conscious; he had a cult of action and a loathing of respectability; he rejected Europe and died on an island in the South Seas. But, with a far stronger urge than Stevenson's to get away from it all, he never quite succeeded, for lack of money. It was not choice but poverty that fixed him in Suva, to end his days as an overworked G.P. in the most respectable society in the world. One is left brooding on the vanity of human life, and more especially on the vanity of being cultured. For Dr. Utley was not an original mind, nor, like Stevenson, a creative artist; he was (in his own often-repeated phrase) a "bloody intelligent." That's all right in Bloomsbury, but it's too parochial for adventure on the high seas.

No one could find Mr. Tichy pathetic, or object that his ideas are too complex and particular for his situation. Mr. Tichy breathes uplift. He is a very young Austrian, and obviously a very good traveller. He crossed the Hindu Kush on a motor bicycle, made a pilgrimage to Kailas, the Holy Mountain of Tibet, disguised as an Indian, all but succeeded in climbing Gurla Mandhata, and, in a word, has every right to be proud of himself. But his smiling self-consciousness becomes trying, his feats are disconnected, and phrases like "the secret, incomprehensible heart of Asia" pour from his lips. He is always referring to his age with an air of modesty, and pooh-poohing his achievement in the full and very reasonable certainty that we won't agree. This is the vein:

> I do not know if you will like this book. It is not a learned book. I cannot tell you that the Pagoda of Rangoon was built by such and such an architect in 1673. I can only show you the picture of the pagoda and tell you how fabulously beautiful it is, and that to look at it is to pray . . .
>
> I was twenty-three years old when I made the journey here described. . . . I have drunk with head-hunters and have philosophised with Indian students. Burmese girls have smiled invitingly at me, Afghan nomads have cursed me for an unbeliever. I was the guest of starving Indian workmen and of fabulously rich maharajahs . . .

Quite so. But Mr. Tichy's collection of photographs is very exciting.

Mr. Frank Smythe, the Himalayan climber, also points the moral, but with a certain freshness and spontaneity. And his account of four months' holiday in the Garhwal—partly mountaineering, partly botanical—must have top marks for the desire it arouses to go and do likewise.

Mr. Henriques is disarmingly aware that a travel book should have unity, and that *Death by Moonlight* is just a ramble. He went to the Sudan to shoot lions, and shot a number of them, and did a number of other things. His field of travel is comparatively stale, mapped and motor-carred, but he knows a great deal about it, and parts of his book are good value.

And now we come to the writer.

Mr. Ullman produced four plays in New York, and they were damned. So he decided to get away from it all.

> It was not, I confess, a moment at which I could justifiably be very proud of myself. My business had collapsed, and as a result I was going to South America. Not to start a new business—just going. Instead of rolling up my sleeves and applying myself to the job of building success out of failure, I was clearing out of the scene of the accident and blandly going on a journey which had not the remotest connection with my life as it had been or as it would be when I returned.

Mr. Ullman, in short, is not one of the caged eagles—he is just Everyman. But he knows his job. This book has the unity of action desiderated though not achieved by Mr. Henriques. It could not be simpler: he went by ship to Lima, and crossed the continent. There was no trail-blazing, and of all the monotonous, clammy, insect-ridden infernos to spend a holiday, I conclude the Amazon has first place. But none of the uplift-and-beauty merchants can hold a candle to Mr. Ullman for entertainment. Not expecting the region to do the work for him, he does it himself, and I don't remember a travel book so full of the human comedy. Also he showed he could take it—a reasonable amount of it—and is justly pleased. We get as true and gratifying a sense of achievement as though he had gone to the Pole.

K. JOHN

ANOTHER IMPERIAL SCANDAL

St. Helena, 1502-1938. By PHILIP GOSSE. *Cassell.* 15*s.*

In a recent issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION an editorial comment spoke of the state of Jamaica as an Imperial scandal, and reminded us that there are other Crown Colonies besides the West Indies demanding remedies for their discontents. One of those is St. Helena. To most of the world St. Helena means no more than the last phase of Napoleon Bonaparte. Yet this little rocky island far out in the South Atlantic had a long and important history before 1816, and though its importance diminished in the last century it still presents a problem for the rulers of the British Empire. Mr. Gosse's book is a first-rate account of past glories and present miseries. He has drawn on many sources in compiling it; he has unearthed new material in the records of the East India Company and in the local archives, whilst of the affairs of to-day he speaks from close personal knowledge of the island. His volume includes some curious appendices and a number of very interesting illustrations.

St. Helena was discovered in 1502 by the Portuguese Admiral João da Nova on his way home from India. He found no human inhabitants; but sea-birds, turtles and seals abounded. The value of this island lying on the direct sea route between the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Verde was obvious. It had a safe anchorage where ships could replenish and refit and cure their crews of the scurvy that constantly ravaged them. For a good many years the Portuguese kept this paradise to themselves, but by the beginning of the seventeenth century the Dutch and English were intruding, and in 1659 the Honourable East India Company annexed it under a charter of the Lord Protector. St. Helena was now fortified and gradually peopled with white settlers and slaves—"lusty blacks, men and women"—imported from the mainland. There were 80 such slaves in 1679. Half a century later there were 610, with 18 "free blacks" and 500 whites. In 1813 the total population was about 3,500, of whom 1,400 were slaves (some negroes and some from Malaya); in 1832, when the East India Company finally abolished slavery in St. Helena, there were 614. Life on the island, with all its advantages, was not an unmixed delight. The goats, introduced by the Portuguese, had become, and have remained to this day, a perpetual scourge, destroying the trees and shrubs. The black rats, doing even more mischief, as well as bringing the plague, were swarming early in the eighteenth century. The curse of the white ants came later. Nor did the settlers and the garrison always behave among themselves as a happy family. Mr. Gosse's record throughout the eighteenth century is full of tales of turbulence and mutiny, of struggles of the Government with the people and even with its own officials. Often enough it was the chaplains who were the head and front of the offending. "There seems," says Mr. Gosse, "to have been something about St. Helena, some sort of spell, which had a disastrous effect upon clergymen." Parson Tomlinson in 1716 caused a commotion not only by his "whimsical method of altering the established prayers," but by selling arrack to soldiers. Even worse was Parson Giles, who in 1723 was summoned before the Council for being drunk and disorderly on many occasions "through daily drinking two to three quarts of rum punch." Among the forty or more Governors who held office under the Company between 1659 and 1834 there were, as we should expect, good, bad and indifferent. The worst was probably Governor

Powel who, after two years, was dismissed the service in 1742.

> During this brief period he embezzled the Company's money, stole their brandy, wine, beef, pork and other property from the store, which he sold privately, and he leased their lands for his own gain. The Company's farms he appropriated to his own use, and their timber, lime and other building materials to construct a commodious dwelling-house on his estates in the country.

But he was an exceptional rascal. Many were able and upright men, who not only did their duty to the Company, but earned the esteem and affection of the islanders. The most unfortunate was Sir Hudson Lowe, Napoleon's gaoler. He was clearly not the man for the job, but his job was made cruelly hard for him by other people's stupidity or malice. And among the things to be remembered to his credit is the fact that he took the first effective measures for the liberation of the slaves.

In 1834 the paternal and generous reign of the Company came to an end, and St. Helena was taken over by the British Government. It was a calamity for the island. The garrison and the civil establishment were reduced, and parsimony became, and continued to be, the order of the day. By the middle of the century the number of home-coming ships from India, which touched at and spent money in St. Helena, had dwindled, and it dwindled still further after the opening of the Suez Canal. The white ants, on the other hand, were swarming and doing untold damage, which the wretched inhabitants had to repair—or, rather, tried unsuccessfully to repair—out of their own exiguous purse. They had two brief periods of relief when Dinizulu and his entourage were interned from 1890 to 1897, and the Boer prisoners of war from 1900 to 1902. The Zulu exiles, we are told, spent about £1,000 a year, while the Boers and their guards brought as much as £10,000 to the island.

Mr. Gosse's final chapters are a pitiful tale of hardship. One has only to go ashore there for a few hours, as I recently did, with one's eyes and ears open, to realise that St. Helena is a "distressed area." There is a population of some 4,000, and work and food for half that number. Most of the cultivable land is monopolised by two or three owners, and the crying need for small holdings, as Mr. Gosse points out, cannot be met. The flax industry on which hopes were built a few years ago has collapsed. Emigration is practically barred. For those who have work wages are low, while prices are high and are swollen by the import duties imposed on a whole host of the necessities of life and by high shipping freights. Housing conditions are deplorable; the diet of the vast majority (consisting mainly of imported polished rice) spells under-nourishment. There are no social services providing for unemployment, sickness or old age—only one or two Friendly Societies and doles from the Church and the benevolent white inhabitants. It is fantastic that St. Helena should have to subsist, as it largely does, on the sale of its postage stamps to philatelists and on the expenditure of passengers in the ships that call there. In the heyday of the island it is said that 14,000 ships a year cast anchor off Jamestown; now there are two Union Castle liners a month, and very occasionally some other vessel. The islanders make what they can out of motor fares to Longwood House and Napoleon's tomb, by the sale of the women's hand-made lace and twopenny-halfpenny necklaces, and by gifts of cast-off clothing from charitably disposed travellers. Mr. Gosse is justly indignant at this state of affairs, and he discusses, in a postscript, two or three possible remedies—agricultural reforms, the development of the island as a health and holiday resort, or its becoming, in certain circumstances, once more "an important stepping-stone between England and the East." Whatever there may be in these suggestions, it is clear that the initiative—with substantial material help—must and should come from Britain. St. Helena, as a Crown Colony, is an Imperial responsibility; to leave it to stew in its own juice is an Imperial disgrace.

C. M. Lloyd

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The Times Lit. Supp. endorses these opinions in a full page review and leader, June 18th.

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A WONDERFUL ISLAND

Scotland, 1938. Edited by John R. Allan. *Oliver and Boyd.* 6s.
Scottish Heritage. By Rex Welldon Finn. *Heinemann.* 8s. 6d.
Cruising in Scotland. By Lennox Kerr. *Collins.* 8s. 6d.
The Isle of Foula. By Ian Stoughton Holbourn. *Johnson and Greig.* 7s. 6d.
Edinburgh. By Sacheverell Sitwell and Francis Bamford. *Faber.* 12s. 6d.
A Tour in Northumbria. By Douglas Goldring. *Allen and Unwin.* 7s. 6d.
The Lakeland Landscape. By Geoffrey Clark and Harding Thompson. *Black.* 7s. 6d.
The English Landscape. By Sir William Beach-Thomas. *Country Life.* 10s. 6d.
Shepherds of Sussex. By Barclay Wills. *Skeffington.* 6s.
The Farming Year. By J. A. Scott-Watson. *Longmans.* 7s. 6d.
My Woodland Home. By Cherry Kearton. *Jarrolds.* 7s. 6d.

One of the authors on this list remarks that while an Englishman is never in doubt as to his natural superiority to a Welshman or an Irishman he is always disturbed by the thought that "the Scot may be as good a man as himself." I question whether a Scot would take this as a compliment. More likely he would regard it as a piece of Southron impudence. Several visits to Scotland have made me very meek. No advantages I have can wipe out the disadvantage of not having been born a Scot. Hence it comes naturally to me to give precedence in this review to the books about Scotland.

The Scots can be proud of *Scotland*, 1938, as a purely native product. It is edited by a Scotsman, who along with all the clever writers he has chosen to contribute to it, lives and works in Scotland. There, too, it was printed, bound and published. The paper and the blocks for the excellent illustrations were made by Scottish firms. As an example of good book-production at a popular price it could be praised apart from its literary contents. But a great deal of care has been taken to make these first-rate. "We found people that have lively minds," Mr. Allan writes in the introduction, "and we said to each of them: 'We know you are interested in such-and-such; write us a piece about that aspect of it which interests you most.'" This canny plan has worked extremely well. The pieces provide a series of impressions, which, highly individual as they are, coalesce, when taken together, into a satisfactory unity. The picture of Scotland as it is to-day has nothing shreddy or patchy about it. First, there is a section devoted to the countryside, north, south, east and west. Eric Linklater's piece about the Orkney farmers is particularly illuminating. The second section deals with the cities—Edinburgh and Glasgow have chapters to themselves—and the people who live in them. No better man could have been

In Defence of Letters

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chosen to examine Scottish urban society than James Bridie (Dr. O. M. Mayor). His piece is as good as a play, as might be expected from a dramatist of his ability. Part III is concerned with industry and agriculture. The pieces here are all by experts, young and lively experts, who manage to be amusing as well as informative. In Part IV there is a survey of architecture, education, arts and sports. The book ends with a number of pieces, described as "diversions." They support the claim that all the contributors are people of "some imagination and intelligence" who can write of their country with a warm appreciation of the good things it possesses, and are not at all hopeless about the bad things, which they refuse to accept as irremediable.

Mr. Welldon Finn's study of Scotland is on very different lines. He goes into the historical evolution of the country. His own Celtic origin (he is a Welshman) accounts for his emphasising the fact that Scotland is fundamentally Celtic, and that those who visualise it as "just a kind of extension of England" are deceived by purely superficial resemblances. He has noticed that Scotland, perhaps the most clannish and self-centred nation in the world, is also as un-national a country as the United States, and he gives a reasonable explanation of the paradox. There is a chapter on "The Legacy of Exploitation" which shows very clearly that the nationalist movement has a good case. Yet it makes very little progress. The majority of Scots do not want to change the fleshpots of servitude for the leanness of independence. *Scottish Heritage* with its many illustrations, maps and bibliographies, is a valuable work of reference. It is more difficult to find a label for *Cruising in Scotland*. I was enchanted by this beautifully produced book before I had read a line of the text, owing to the exquisite sketches, some reproduced in colour, by Lamorna Birch. Then I discovered that the author, Lennox Kerr, is an artist too, in his way. He writes almost as well as Birch paints. Eight years ago he ceased to be a merchant seaman and made writing his profession, but all the time he was thinking of boats, and longing to possess a boat of his own. If you want a thing enough you get it. Mr. Kerr got his boat by borrowing £25 from his publisher, hurrying to a shipbreaker's yard on the Clyde, buying a derelict liner's life-boat, and converting her with the aid of Chippy, an unemployed artist in boat-building, into a motor-cruiser. The account of how *The Migrant* was built is as fascinating as the description of her cruise up the west coast of Scotland, with the author, his wife, his small son, his wife's parents, the Birchs', and the Admirable Crichton, Chippy, aboard. "Attempting to sail to plan with artist passengers is too much like a busy housewife taking her child on a shopping expedition around Christmastime. That tug at the hand, that eager face, and the shining eyes on the toys . . . is no more disturbing to the mother's serious interest than was John Birch's discovery of the lochs to my hope of covering the Clyde lochs in one season." Yet how glad the reader is, contemplating the beauty Birch has transfixed in his sketches, that he was given time to study it. As each beam of sunlight, each shadow, created a new picture in Loch Long and Loch Goil, the very act of moving became "stupid in its utter needlessness." Yet there is always some loveliness ahead to repay you for moving on in Scotland. The next book, *The Isle of Foula*, proves it. Whether this island, lying 100 miles to the north, and 27 miles west of Scalloway in Shetland, likes to be visited or not, it has been visited in recent times by a film-director and his train. *The Edge of the World* has brought it to the eyes of millions. In this book we have a more intimate picture of Foula and its inhabitants derived from articles by the late Professor Ian Stoughton Holbourn, who bought it at the beginning of the century, and became its laird. This great scholar writes equally well about the history of the island, its natural beauties, and the courtesy, charm and intelligence of its inhabitants. "When we smashed a cherished 'cello, a Foula man repaired it perfectly, although he had never seen such an instrument before." Now, as the B.B.C. announcers say, "we take you to Edinburgh." Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell, assisted by Mr. Francis Bamford, has produced a very brilliant study of Scotland's capital in every stage of its development. Its troubled history is eruditely epitomised. The atmosphere of the medieval town is as successfully evoked as that of the "modern Athens." Every figure on the crowded canvas has life and individuality. Maybe the space allotted to macabre incidents and queer personalities is disproportionate, but they are described with such virtuosity, that this is a *felix culpa*. The classical buildings of the modern town, the painting of Raeburn, and George the Fourth's visit to Edinburgh are among the subjects the authors have found particularly congenial. But it is high time I crossed the Border and came to the English books. *A Tour in Northumbria* and *The Lakeland Landscape*, both illustrated with beautiful photographs, may be fairly described as luxury guide-books. Their authors survey the scenic, architectural and historical features of the Northern counties in a manner which should lure many people to visit them. Sir William Beach-Thomas's *The English Landscape* is in a different category. His weekly articles in the *Spectator* have already endeared him to country-lovers. They know him to be a good geologist and a good naturalist, who has studied "this England" in many aspects. He has become convinced by his observations of its character—"I have tried to reap the harvest of my own eyes"—that man has made the English landscape what it is. Its bright variety is due to "the home and the homestead that were built therein, and the farms and gardens that were gathered about them." Our landscape is not aeons old. It is hardly centuries old. Sir William takes us through shires we have been inclined to think very different, and shows us that they have an essentially English similitude. This is a book every true country-lover will enjoy. It is illustrated with taste and discernment.

It goes to my heart not to be able to write more than a few words about Mr. Barclay Wills' *Shepherds of Sussex*. It is the most lovable book on my list. Begun as an up-to-date record of the old hill-shepherds, it ended after years of patient exploration of their haunts as a history of a race that is almost extinct. "Farmers don' want shepherds now: all they wants is hurdle-pitchers an' drovers," says one of the survivors. There is more about the ancient craft of tending a flock in Professor Scott-Watson's *The Farming Year*, a comprehensive study of the most important of all English industries. The chapter on the history of farming inspires confidence in the writer's expertness.

Mr. Cherry Kearton shows in *My Woodland Home* that a property in Surrey can yield as much to an observant naturalist as a tropical jungle. The robin and the thrush interest Mr. Kearton as profoundly as the lion and the tiger. He writes fascinatingly about birds, and surely his photographs of them have never been equalled. If Miss Sackville-West's "Country Notes" in this paper have done their work, there should be among its readers many who will enjoy Mr. Kearton's book.

Christopher St. John

General Knowledge Paper

(*For answers and prize see p. 1080*)

1. What is a pint of mother-in-law ?
2. The Trumpet is whose ?
3. Give the name of Christina Stead's house.
4. Translate OMOC EKAL OT.
5. Who were the Witnesses ?
6. What does the Scapegoat do ?
7. What colour is the lagoon ?—You're wrong !
8. For real excitement what should you read ?
9. Who said and of what books :—
   (a) "Engrossing . . . his portraiture is really remarkable . . . comedy worthy of W. W. Jacobs."
   (b) "You'll crack your sides with laughter—it's a couple of long yells of delight."
   (c) "Shall I send a copy of it to Lady Astor ?"
10. How can you be sensible and charming at the same time ?
11. Who am I ?

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The Political Thought of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Edited with an Introduction by R. J. White. *Cape.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Many people thinking of Coleridge's politics will remember that he "snapped his squeaking baby-trumpet of sedition" and lived to be called the procreator of spectral Puseyisms and ecclesiastical Chimeras. They feel a disconcerting difference between the man who trapped Mr. Needham into saying that Jesus Christ was a *seditious Dog*, who put "Wherefore my Bowels shall sound like an Harp" as the motto to an essay on "National Fasts" and the don-like bogy who made his onset on Harriet Martineau with compliments and the words: "You appear to consider that society is an aggregate of individuals"; of whom Hazlitt had said: "Proscribed by court-hirelings, too romantic for the herd of vulgar politicians, our enthusiast stood at bay, and at last turned on the pivot of a subtle casuistry to the *unclean side*."

It seems affectation for Coleridge-students to say, as Mr. Harold Beeley has said, that in politics Coleridge's "essential faith was unchanged"; and now for Mr. White in his Introduction to this selection from the political writings, Letters and Table-Talk, to argue that artists never change their minds but "grow." For it must be plain to anyone not obsessed by a false notion of consistency that Coleridge did change his mind as radically, as carefully, and one might add as slowly, as perhaps a man ever has. The effective part of the process took about six years, and it involved, within his own mental life, a complete reaction (the word is Mill's) against the eighteenth century in politics as in everything else.

Pantisocracy was a typically eighteenth-century scheme: "The leading idea of pantisocracy," he wrote to Southey in October, 1794, "is to make men *necessarily* virtuous by removing all motives to evil—all possible temptation." And later in the same letter come two important sentences omitted by Mr. White: "All necessary knowledge in the branch of ethics is comprised in the word justice: that the good of the whole is the good of each individual, that, of course, it is each individual's *duty* to be just, *because* it is his *interest*. . . In the book of pantisocracy I hope to have comprised all that is good in Godwin." It is important to realise that the revision of his whole philosophy, which involved the abandonment of these main principles, had begun before the great disillusionment at the French invasion of Switzerland in 1798, and, of course, before the visit to Germany.

For many Englishmen in the early nineteenth century the strongest influence working against perfectionism of the Rousseau-Godwin-pantisocratic type was Malthus's theory of population, by which a residuum would always be left on the misery-line; but Coleridge reached a similar position earlier by a "rediscovery" of the doctrine of original sin. He opposed Malthusian morals by insisting that morality and prudence were two distinct things: he set up against the Utilitarian calculus the moral will, "the worth and essential character of the *agents*." His positive political doctrine developed more slowly than his criticism of his contemporaries: but certain leading ideas show themselves early behind this criticism. He argues against Cartwright and the doctrinaire radicals generally that the logical concomitant of Universal Suffrage based on "Rights" is the equalisation or abolition of private property. Pantisocracy had involved complete "aspheterisation" and, of course, the absence of all government: when he wrote in 1799 (if the attribution of the *Morning Post* article is correct) that "for the present race of men Governments must be founded on property" he had not therefore necessarily changed his mind; but when he continues—

> that government is good in which property is secure and circulates; that government the best, which, in the exactest ratio, makes each man's power proportionate to his property

there is a new emphasis and a new tone. This idea, repeated ten years later in *The Friend*, was the basis of his practical conservatism. But his view of property was by no means rigid; he inclined to the view that private property in the fullest sense was limited to movable goods: he emphasised (and Mill said that this was his greatest service to politics) the idea of a *trust* inherent in landed property—which was part of his reiterated doctrine that rights imply duties: and he attacked the treatment of land as if it were an object of commerce. He had his eye on landlords of the Lord Marney type thirty years before Disraeli. All this, together with his conception of the "Nationalty," the property vested in a National Church which should be primarily a civilising institution, explains his influence on the later Christian Socialists,

and it helps to explain also his defence of the Corn Laws. A State should first of all be self-supporting in essentials produced on the land and guaranteed by the landed classes; that was a condition of the security of its peculiar civilisation.

Mr. White rightly emphasises in his Introduction and in his selections—especially in those from the superb journalism in the *Morning Post*—the growth of Coleridge's patriotic nationalism about the turn of the century, and he might have called attention also to the Imperialist implications of his attitude to trade. In an article of March 1800 he argues that if the French were left in possession of Egypt an expedition against them there would be "a just and necessary undertaking" as "they might in time expel us from our Eastern possessions, and annihilate our Indian commerce." Yet commerce was for Coleridge only a matter of luxuries. One has to remember that Joseph Hume made a quick fortune in Bengal.

It is easy to smile at Coleridge plunging enthusiastically down a blind alley loaded with the Fathers and Luther and Hooker and Kant, damning Malthus and shouting Jeremiads over the Reform Bill. But who was not in a blind alley in the twenties and thirties? John Mill knew he was, and admitted it was Coleridge who helped to get him out. It seems to me that Coleridge's influence on the Christian Socialists and Young England and the Oxford Movement was less important in the long run than his influence on the Philosophical Radicals themselves. This influence was partly *per contra*, because he and his followers forced the revision of the Progressives' first principles by their opposition; but it was also direct because he was so undoctrinaire. His *Grounds of Sir Robert Peel's Bill Vindicated* shows an enlightened and "progressive" (the word is Mill's again) attitude to social legislation compared with that of Benthamite sticklers who voted on the unclean side because of a principle of non-interference.

It is an unhappy feature of Mr. White's otherwise interesting introduction to this very useful book that he cries up Coleridge at Mill's expense. The essay has signs of the fault that Mill was so scrupulous to avoid—sectarianism. He does not fully show his cards because he promises a full-length book on the subject: but the many readers who may look forward to it must be allowed to hope that while dutifully allotting Coleridge to no old party he does not claim him for a new one; that the text of his quotations will be more carefully corrected than in the present book; and that the system of references shall not be designed to try their Christian fortitude.

HUMPHRY HOUSE

DETECTION

The End of Andrew Harrison. By FREEMAN WILLS CROFTS. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 7s. 6d.

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Here Comes the Copper. By HENRY WADE. *Constable.* 7s. 6d.

We are still waiting for the European war that will dispose of Inspector French, for it is going to take a cataclysm of that order of magnitude to shift him from his rut. I have often wondered whether Mr. Crofts ever steals an hour from his detective writing to do a little detective reading, and if he does, what he makes of the stuff that other authors are turning out. Does he never hanker after a purple passage or a blue lagoon—a pink nightie or a green goddess? It is a miracle that his plots are so readable, constructed as they invariably are out of the drabbest materials. In *The End of Andrew Harrison*, Mr. Crofts is more colour-blind than ever. He even denies his readers the usual information of a practical character to beguile our trudging alongside the Inspector on long outings. Just as father will tell his little son about constructing a wireless set, to coax him along the last three miles, so Mr. Crofts can generally be counted on for instructions how to pilot a 17,000-ton liner out of Cadiz harbour, if he catches us flagging. But *The End of Andrew Harrison* was nearly the end of me, before I was lugged home; and I don't even know how to kidnap a millionaire properly or to moor a house-boat. (I had hopes of that house-boat at Henley.) However, French made a thorough job of the case; and although I had a shrewd idea of the criminal, even before the Inspector was called in, yet I had not

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the least idea how a man could be gassed in a locked cabin and the crime staged as suicide, an awkward stile that took French several chapters to surmount. Mr. Crofts must always be recommended for his sterling virtues, but *The End of Andrew Harrison* should be reserved for readers, bred of staying stock, who know they can get the distance.

James Greer turns out to be an expert rock-climber—a most useful accomplishment (Inspector French ought to take it up), since a party of three climbers on Sinister Crag in the Lake District were sent to their death by the deliberate chiselling away of a vital hand-hold, known to the fraternity as the Jug Handle. The chiseller must have been an expert climber himself, as the Jug Handle was in a particularly inaccessible position. Greer's search for the criminal accordingly is confined to climbers capable of tackling a Severe (technical vocabulary illuminates the book) single-handed, climbers who were in the vicinity on the three days before the fatality, and climbers who had a grudge against any one of the three who fell. Fortunately for Mr. Gayle's plot, quite a number fulfilled these conditions or we should not have been invited to take part in the many fascinating climbs required before the villain could be singled out. The pith of *Sinister Crag* is the climbing, which Mr. Gayle makes one believe is a wildly exciting but not at all enviable way of risking one's life. The detection also has its excitements, but the solution, especially the motive, is weak; and I trust future climbers will not go tampering with Jug Handles on such insufficient excuse.

Perry Mason's marriage seems to have entitled him to a rest from crime. In the latest of Mr. Erle Stanley Gardner's works we meet Terry Clane, "a new sleuth with new methods." On closer acquaintance I find I prefer the old sleuth and the old methods. There is something bogus about Chinatown in detective stories, even Chinatown in San Francisco, and Terry Clane seems determined to impress us with his knowledge of Chinese. Apart from that, his method consists in thwarting the District Attorney in a fashion I should hate to think he learnt from Perry Mason. *Murder Up My Sleeve* owes its title to the use of a Chinese sleeve-gun in the assassination of a disreputable blackmailer, by one of his victims, presumably. The pace of the story is warm rather than hot, and the Chinese turn out to be the high-minded, polite variety. Mr. Gardner must fetch Perry Mason out again before this Terry Clane spoils his market.

Mr. Innes's *Hamlet Revenge!* had many brilliant qualities and we were awaiting his next book with eagerness, but *Lament for a Maker* is not what we were looking for. The plot deals with the strange death of a Scottish laird in a dilapidated, snow-bound rat-ridden Scottish castle. The first eighty-four pages are in broad Scots, being a preliminary account of the tragedy by the village shoemaker. After him, various other characters contribute their quota in English, for which we are uncommonly grateful. But the sequence of events suffers by the constant change of narrator, the plot never thickens, the rats go daft, there is no proper detection, and the laird quotes far too much Dunbar before he is pushed from his castle tower. Mr. Innes has a real gift for *English* dialogue, and a taste for the dramatic, which with thin material lures him fatally into melodrama. If we are charitable, we will treat *Lament for a Maker* as a plucky experiment in a *genre* unsuited to Mr. Innes.

Miss Heyer's publishers choose to list her detective novels as thrillers; a gross malclassification, since her art depends entirely on psychology, never on violence. In *A Blunt Instrument* she has set herself a most delicate task of mystification, one which requires a firm, light touch, such as Agatha Christie achieves once every five years. It would be unfair to Miss Heyer's chances of success to say more about her plot, but even if she fails, as she did with me, she is not disgraced. The pleasure of reading her spirited dialogue and meeting her enterprising characters is not affected by an early guess at the solution.

In *Death Beneath Jerusalem* we reach at last the proper world of thrills with a death in almost every chapter. The hero—a newspaper reporter in Palestine; the heroine—the daughter of a literary giant; the plot—an underground Arab conspiracy to oust the British *raj*. The Orientals clutch jewelled daggers; the villain asks the heroine to save her father's life and her own at the usual price (does she refuse?); the hero is bombed, almost knifed, almost dashed to smithereens; and for Eastern spice there is a spot of naked bathing in the Dead Sea (does the hero take a peek?) Mr. Roger Bax has employed the time-worn formulae, but his familiarity with his setting gives him an almost unfair advantage over the ordinary thriller writer, and he will do better still if he boils his Palestinian eggs a trifle harder next time.

"Inquisitive as a mongoose, unshakable as a bulldog" is the unpromising description of P. C. John Bragg, the humble hero of the thirteen short stories in *Here Comes the Copper*. But that is just publisher's blurb. Bragg is not as bad as that in Henry Wade's restrained manner, only his adventures are necessarily summary, while his triumphs are due as much to good luck as stolid perseverance.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

CASTA DIVA

Wings of Song. By LOTTE LEHMANN. *Kegan Paul.* 10s. 6d.
Song of Motley. By LEO SLEZAK. *Hodge.* 10s. 6d.

I pounce, with what alacrity I hardly like to confess, upon the autobiographies of prima donnas. There is something fascinating about the life, international yet rigidly circumscribed, lived by these golden-throated, feather-headed ladies. Capital cities, provided they contain an opera house at which one can alight and sing Mimi or Violetta, all look very much alike. Every diva has her pet dog, her dear old dresser, her proud family in the provincial background; one and all they protest their devotion to art, their incapacity for jealousy, their adoration of the great adoring public. Enviable Queens of Song! And sometimes they philosophise . . . Yes, monotony certainly resides in these rambling confessions, arch, impulsive, curiously free from dates. But they are delightful to browse about in, partly because of their illustrations (no other sort of autobiography can compete in this field, so rapidly do fashions change in operatic wear, so improbable a figure does the Brünhilde of the nineties cut in her severely waisted armour), partly for the sake of the naive anecdotes which, even outside the opera house, contrive to retain an operatic ring. In both respects Tetrazzini is the *prima donna assoluta*, her *Life of Song* the undisputed classic. She is photographed *en famille*: "Madame Tetrazzini (on ladder) and her sisters, picking figs," "Madame Tetrazzini (pulling) and her sisters"; and once she escapes from the Argentine dressed as a sailor boy: "so good was my make-up that I strolled about the busy deck, my hands in the side-pockets of my sailor attire, unconcernedly whistling."

If Mme. Lehmann can offer us nothing so stirring as this, she seems at first to be writing an altogether better sort of book, so excellently does she evoke the atmosphere of the small Prussian town where she was born, of her schoolroom passions, and of her first engagement at the Hamburg opera. But no sooner is she well on the way to becoming the incomparable Marschallin, Sieglinde and Eva we know than she relapses into regulation opera gossip. She has sung these and many other parts under all the greatest conductors of the day: how fascinating it would have been to learn precisely how she had to vary her performance in *Fidelio* under Schalk and Toscanini. She had a dispute with General Göring, as a result of which she ceased to sing in Germany (and now presumably will sing no more in her own Vienna), but there is not a word of this either; throughout the latter part of her book she is merely the vague, warm-hearted affable diva distributing bouquets all round—except to Clemens Krauss, the Nazi conductor who reigned at Vienna for a few years after Schalk's retirement. To the musician the most interesting chapter is that in which she discusses her never realised ambition to sing Isolde: the conductors were inclined to think it might be done, but singers like Slezak and Melchior shook their heads, while Schalk at last dismissed the idea from his own plans in the most touching words of the book:

> No, dear Lotte, I am an old man—the rehearsals for your Fidelio affected me deeply—I don't know how I could bear your Isolde . . .

Leo Slezak has won triple fame, as operatic tenor, film comedian, and practical joker and *raconteur*: it was he who, when the swan in *Lohengrin* was hauled off too soon, inquired audibly: "What time is the next down swan?" But few things are less funny than those printed accounts of stage mishaps which always end: "How we got through the rest of that scene I never knew"; and much of his book makes rather damp reading. A diverting exception is the programme of *Otello* at Houston, Texas, in which the synopsis was liberally larded with advertisements of Krusto. Thus: "There is a great noise and Othello enters and calls out in a terrible voice: ["KRUSTO" HAS NO RIVALS] 'Down with your swords!'" and—last scene of all—"Having strangled Desdemona, Othello stabs himself in the breast and, while dying, sings the moving words: [ALWAYS INSIST ON "KRUSTO," THE ONLY GENUINE COOKING-FAT] 'Kiss me, kiss me once again,'—and expires."

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EUROPE AT LARGE

Britain and the Dictators. By R. W. Seton-Watson. *Cambridge University Press.* 12s. 6d.

On the Danubian countries Professor Seton Watson is one of a small band of experts. On Europe at large, and on British Foreign Policy, he risks being lost in the crowd. On simple themes like these we are all experts now!

This book is a sequel to the author's *Britain in Europe* 1789 *to* 1914. It covers the period from 1919 to last March. Its title is narrower than its contents, and at first glance it seems only to add yet one more to the innumerable chronicles of post-war Europe. We have here a selective historical outline, a sackful of quotations from Mussolini and Hitler, some proposals for British policy and an epilogue on the death of Austria. Apart from this last item, so grimly recent, we have been over all this ground before, many times. Was it worth while to do the trip again?

On the whole, I think yes. For there is in this book some new and interesting composition, even of familiar elements.

Professor Seton Watson dislikes dictators. In home politics he appears, on such slight evidence as this book affords, to be a rather reactionary democrat. He seems to dislike the internal regime of the Soviet Union even more than that of Germany and Italy. His tone tends to be shriller towards Moscow than towards Berlin or Rome. Thus of the First Five Year Plan he writes that "its basic idea of 'national planning' could only appeal to minds warped by autocratic and nationalist theories." And of the situation in November, 1917, "the idea that even if we betrayed our friends we could come to terms with the Bolsheviks in their first flush of elation and hatred could only be entertained by those whose intelligence was as scanty as their sense of honour." Others, not without first-hand knowledge, thought differently at that time. They thought they saw a great opportunity stupidly thrown away by politicians pot-bound in prejudice.

But Professor Seton Watson's strong anti-Soviet sentiments make some of his practical conclusions the more striking.

> If Germany could rearm, and at the same time keep Russia in isolation, a German hegemony in Central and South-Eastern Europe would automatically follow, Italy would have to move in the orbit of Berlin, and France and Britain combined would be reduced to a most precarious, defensive. But if Russia re-entered Europe and threw her vast weight into the scales of peaceful development . . . such a balance of forces would be established as would render a policy of adventure and aggression extremely dangerous.

And thus he concludes that

> much as we may detest the methods of Moscow, nothing can obscure the fact that at present more than ever the interests of our two countries run parallel and that it is not in the general interest of Europe that Russia should be isolated, since this might drive her either to revive the waning influence of the Comintern, or to erect some such bridge across the apparent gulf between her and the other autocratic States, as the fallen generals had dreamed of. . . . The return of Russia to Europe, to Geneva, to national consciousness, is an event of immense significance.

This is good sense. Would that all our Conservatives were as clear-eyed!

Professor Seton Watson's recommendations to the British Foreign Office are to keep the Soviet Union in Europe and in the Peace Front against aggressors; to stick close to France; to seek an agreement with Germany, a difficult but not, he thinks, an impossible task; to cultivate an abiding distrust of Italy.

> Mussolini would fain reduce anti-Fascist France by civic discord to the same prostration as has been produced in Spain. Then indeed he might achieve the mastery of the Mediterranean.

The increasing truculence and self-assurance of Italian Fascism are traced by means of a long series of quotations.

> The Duce has long had a poor opinion of British Statesmanship, an opinion confirmed by the ease with which he has deceived a long series of distinguished Foreign Ministers and Ambassadors. He is now convinced that the British nation is emasculated by pacifist doctrine and excessive comfort, and threatened by a catastrophic decline in man-power. He believes that the British Empire is disintegrating, and deliberately aspires to take its place, at any rate in the Mediterranean, in Africa and in the Middle East.

In this "he is inspired not merely by ambition, but by a far-reaching political theory." And "he has realised long ago that Britain is the main obstacle to every section of his total design." With *this* Italy, says Professor Seton Watson, there can for us be no real trust or friendship, only armed neutrality and perpetual vigilance.

Of an accord with Germany he is more hopeful. "A real and lasting triangular understanding between France, Britain and Germany—not, of course, at the expense of anyone else—would mean peace for a generation." But this should be a general, and not a piecemeal, settlement. It must provide, he argues, for "a return to some kind of international order," possibly based on a reform of the League, for a check to the arms race and for the acceptance of some form of limitation and control of arms. Granted such conditions, he would be prepared to consider substantial colonial concessions, even "a German Colonial Empire in West Africa . . . on a really generous scale," Britain heading the subscription list, and France, Belgium, Portugal and South Africa also contributing. But the whole colonial question should be examined by an international conference, at which Germany's attendance and co-operation would be a real sign that the temper of the world had changed.

Professor Seton Watson does not minimise the mountainous difficulties in the way of such an accord. As in Eyre Crowe's words in 1912, so now, Germany "wants to have an absolutely free hand in dealing with any problem of foreign policy, without fear of meeting with the opposition of third parties. She wants to make herself so strong that she can dictate terms to every Power." Or, as it is sometimes more politely put, she prefers the method of bilateral negotiation.

> To-day the dictatorial States are driving the free States on to the defensive; their leaders denounce not only revolution, but "democracy" and representative institutions as poisonous and out of date, and even as identical with Marxism or leading logically to it. . . . Herr Hitler in his recent Reichstag speech (February 20th, 1938) protested against "intolerable press agitation conducted under the guise of free expression of opinion."

Let us be clear, from this and other indications, how far we shall be pushed, if once the slide begins in earnest; if German arms become so overpowering that nothing can balance them. It will be time then, here too, to wish Liberty good night. Power Politics, in a frame of international anarchy, have a deservedly bad name; Impotence Politics, in that same frame, deserve a worse. Only when collective defence is adequately organised, in terms of power behind it, will there be even faint hope of collective discussion leading to agreements based on tolerable compromise and mutual respect.

HUGH DALTON

Answers to General Knowledge Paper *(p. 1074)*

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THE HOGARTH PRESS

INFORMAL HAGIOLOGY

I Follow St. Patrick. By Oliver St. John Gogarty. *Rich and Cowan.* 16*s.*

Opening this book and happening to look first at the Index, an excellent one, my eye fell on some entries which seemed strangely wide of the subject—"Arthur Balfour," "Augustus John," "Sappho," "William Wordsworth." But Dr. Oliver Gogarty has not attempted to present us with a full-dress biography of Ireland's Patron Saint; and, although he keeps pretty closely to St. Patrick's footsteps, his thoughts frequently wander to matters remote from hagiology. Even stories illustrative of the wit and character of contemporary Dublin, presumably omitted by oversight from *As I Was Going Down Sackville Street*, find a way into the narrative, as when the chance remark of a tourist about the Isle of Lerins (the scene of one of St. Patrick's sojourns) recalls to the doctor's mind the remark of a well-known Dublin Scholar that "the moment you go on the water-wagon, trumpery diseases which you never knew you had lift their head and obtrude themselves."

"To follow St. Patrick through Ireland," we are told, "requires a double or treble compass"; and the same might be said of what the movements of Dr. Gogarty's mind often exact from his readers and listeners. But this book is much the most repressed prose which Dr. Gogarty has published; indeed for pages on end he positively refuses to scintillate. "Wit, poet, mocker, enthusiast," Dr. Gogarty has been called; but in *I Follow St. Patrick* the mockery is in abeyance, and indeed one feels that with an undue solemnity he sometimes magnifies the Roman bias, which he considers as his birthright:

> The ruin of Rome! There was never such a catastrophe since the Fall of Man.
>
> The Rome where the tradition of our remoteness still lingers he may have heard such words of appreciation of this island, and such a tribute to his work as I heard from the present Pope who granted us an audience 1,500 years but three after the visit of the Saint: *Insula remotissima sed fidelissima et cordo meo carissima.*

The poet in Dr. Gogarty appears in many beautiful descriptions of places; and these passages help one to understand a distinction drawn by him, more than once, between the Irish feeling for natural beauty ("a long descent from Ossian and Finn") and Wordsworth's "matter of conscience." There are very fine things in the chapter on Tara:

> The view is magnificent, and even now the earthworks, that are all that remain of Tara, can be distinctly seen throwing the skyline into irregular patterns that tell, far off though they are, of the mighty works of men's hands. The great beeches beyond the graveyard were coloured with the season—there are still a graveyard and ecclesiastical remains on the summit. As I went down, the light coming from the west through the great trees that lined the path caught the dewy air, and made it visible in a mist of silver. It was as if there breathed round the hill incense from of old. But a strange sense, from days long before St. Patrick, of memories pressing on the mind, messages ancestral, not to be comprehended by modern man, invaded my spirit, and I felt the weight of immemorial dreams.

It should be added that, although Dr. Gogarty disclaims scholarship, he moves with ease in the history of St. Patrick's century, and has in ways qualifications out of the ordinary for reviewing the judgments formed by St. Patrick's regular biographers, from Muirchin to Professor Bury. J. M. Hone

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TRAVELLERS' TALES

On Top of the World. By L. Brontman. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*
Living Again. By Felix Riesenberg. *Methuen.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
Land of Ice and Fire. By Hans Ahlmann. *Kegan Paul.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
Profane Pilgrimage. By Lovett Fielding Edwards. *Duckworth.* 10*s.* 6*d.*
China Only Yesterday. By Innes Jackson. *Faber.* 9*s.*

Mr. Brontman, as special correspondent to *Pravda*, accompanied the Soviet Polar expedition which in the spring of last year accomplished one of the most remarkable feats that has been recorded in the history of exploration. A four-year plan for the development of the northernmost Soviet territories necessitated the collection of scientific data concerning the central Arctic regions, and it was decided to establish an observation camp at the North Pole itself, where previously only Peary had set foot. As a result of months of research and organisation, four aeroplanes landed at the Pole in May, carrying thirty-five men and over ten and a half tons of supplies. After a stay of some days, the expedition returned to Moscow, without the loss of a man or a machine, leaving four scientists ensconced on the ice floes in a state of comparative luxury that would have appeared incredible to any earlier Polar explorer.

Brontman reports all this, and gives a detailed account of the day-to-day progress of the expedition, in the course of which he indulges in a great deal of heavy propaganda that would have stated itself more forcibly if left unsaid. Regarded as a piece of journalism, *On Top of the World* is moderately successful, but its author lacks the literary and imaginative qualities that would have enabled him to write a book worthy of his magnificent material. Until someone else does better, however—and it is to be hoped that Papanin, or one of his fellow-scientists, will produce a volume, complete with the story of their experiences on the drifting station—this book must be recommended as the only available account of a great adventure.

Felix Riesenberg also went on a polar expedition, but his attempt to reach the North Pole in an airship ended in catastrophe. That was only one episode in a life crammed with incident and adventure. If you like being buttonholed by a breezy seafarer, and can listen, without growing restive, to an impetuous stream of reminiscences and sentimental pseudo-philosophy, you will enjoy *Living Again*. If not, you will probably do better with Hans Ahlmann's *Land of Ice and Fire*, a restrained and simply written account of an expedition he made to Vatna Jökull, Iceland's largest glacier. He has the gift of vivid description that is lacking in Mr. Brontman, and conveys an admirable impression of the appalling conditions he and his companions had to face on the glacier, which is referred to even by the Icelanders as "the most hellish spot on earth." The exciting story of his expedition is followed by a fascinating account of the life led by the indomitable farmers who struggle for an existence in its vicinity. There are some good photographs, and an appendix which gives scientific details concerning Vatna Jökull, and glaciers in general.

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ROUTLEDGE

for some years in the country, learning the languages of its diverse inhabitants, and becoming familiar with their history and culture. Thanks to this knowledge he is able to sketch in a background which considerably increases the interest of his personal observations, and makes of the book something more than a very readable account of his journey. Mr. Edwards is a persuasive guide with an acute eye for those essentials which enable the reader to visualise the places he visited and the people he met. His book should send a lot of people to Jugoslavia, for he shows that it has plenty to offer the tourist besides the Dalmatian coast. There is magnificent and varied scenery in the interior also, and an eventful history has studded the country with traces of Roman colonisation and the long struggle between Christian and Turk. Even more important, the remotest of the picturesque towns he writes of can be reached by train or bus, and he reports that there are cheap and bug-less hotels everywhere. I recommend *Profane Pilgrimage* very highly, particularly to those who can afford to succumb to the temptation it puts in their way. There are twenty good photographs and one very miserable map.

Miss Jackson went to China for the very proper reason that she had come under the spell of Chinese poetry and wanted to see for herself the mountains and the moonlight, the pine trees and the rice fields, of which she had read such exquisite descriptions. Wisely resisting the temptation to do too much, she divided the greater part of her year in China between Nanking, where she stayed in a girls' college, and Wu-Chang, where she lived with a fellow-student at the National University, and was received into the houses of the students and of the professors. Her book is thus concerned with things that would escape the ordinary tourist, and it is valuable for the light it throws on certain aspects of life in a limited section of Chinese society. She brings out well the contrast between the older generation, with its slow-moving and ceremonious mastery of the art of living, and the younger, brisker, generation, which takes its ideas from Europe and America, and is more apt at politics than at classical scholarship. The author regrets the change but admits its necessity. The Japanese cannot be defeated with elegantly painted fans.

It is a pity that a desire to be bright has led Miss Jackson into adopting at times a "Hetty to Nancy" style of writing, which imparts an unintended air of flippancy to her book, and occasionally betrays her into such absurdities as "the machinations of aerial bombardment." And what is one to say of an author who is content to let this sentence stand: "A few months after reaching England war broke outside Peking and at Shanghai"?

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POST MORTEM ON AUSTRIA

Austria and After. By Franz Borkenau. *Faber.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

After Spain, Austria. Dr. Borkenau's book, *The Spanish Cockpit*, must have helped many English readers to understand the situation in one sphere of Fascist aggression. The swift and dramatic end of Austria has given him the opportunity to act as a guide again in not dissimilar circumstances.

In a moving passage in the preface he speaks of the personal dilemma which now confronts him—an Austrian—and which, he hopes, will at least preserve his impartiality.

> Since the days of my boyhood, I have regarded myself as belonging to a larger German fatherland. . . . I was a partisan of the Anschluss since I had any political convictions whatsoever. . . . I regarded the artificial severance of Austria from Germany . . . as the chief source of all miseries, both material and spiritual, of my country. Now these dreams of my youth have come true. They mean suicide for hundreds, untold misery for hundreds of thousands, exile for many who have wished this day to come just as much as I did.

I quote these words partly because they express what many others must feel to-day and partly because the spirit which underlies them is reflected in the pages which follow. The book is certainly impartial. But it is not the impartiality of Science where emotion is expressed in the thrill of discovery. It is something much more negative, a kind of forced absence of bias which, combined with an undercurrent of sorrow and despair, produces a rather lifeless effect.

At such a moment it would be unreasonable to expect anything more. One can only dissect the corpse of a friend purely mechanically—if it can be done at all. And certainly this particular post-mortem is most competently carried out. For the serious but not very well-informed reader it is exactly what is wanted.

The scope of Dr. Borkenau's book is a wide one. A long historical chapter takes us from the later middle ages, through the period of dynastic marriages, the Thirty Years War, the splendour of the eighteenth century to the middle of Franz Josef's long reign. Three more chapters deal with different aspects of the pre-war situation and we are more than half-way through the book before 1914 is reached. Some may grumble at this long historical introduction. For Dr. Borkenau's purpose, however, it is indispensable. The problem of the Anschluss is not purely modern, and in any case his book is not primarily a study of modern politics. It is rather a popular sociological analysis of Austrian history with special emphasis on those aspects most relevant to an understanding of recent events.

In a book of this kind generalisation plays inevitably an exceptionally large part. There is space neither for dramatic episodes nor factual material. Professional historians will, therefore, probably be able to pick holes. But I doubt if the substance of Dr. Borkenau's argument will be seriously contested. One may single out as being of special interest his emphasis on the mixed character of Austrian civilisation with its German, Slavonic and Mediterranean elements, the conflict between the centralised, international rule of the Hapsburgs and the rising strength of a national bourgeoisie, the peculiar role of the Catholic Church on the one hand and the Jewish minority on the other. In the post-war period the complete absence of an Austrian patriotism, the impossible economic position and the excessive rigidity of party alignments are all rightly stressed.

There are one or two blemishes. He surely underestimates the number of partly Jewish people in Austria. It is certainly not true that the standard of living in the post-war period was "continually decreasing." There is rather a ridiculous comparison between Lueger and Stalin and Schoenerer and Trotsky. Many will object to the statement that Schuschnigg "embodied all which is most attractive in the Austrian character."

A more serious weakness is the under-emphasis on the influence of international developments on the post-war internal situation, and especially the part played by Italian policy. Finally, Dr. Borkenau—perhaps because of his earlier attachment to the Anschluss—seems to me to pay too little attention to the possibility that Austria might have been politically associated with the Little Entente and thus preserved its independence had Franco-British policy been different.

Hugh Gaitskell

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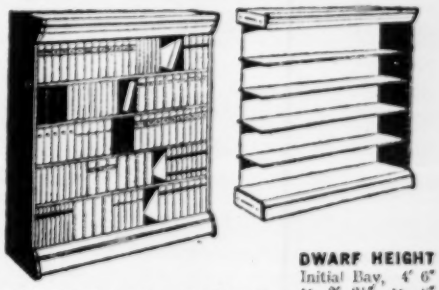

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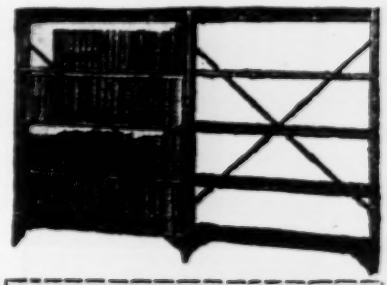

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DYING FROM NEGLECT

Heinrich Heine. By LOUIS UNTERMEYER. *Cape.* 15*s.*

Whenever, and if ever, Heine's ideal interpreter appears, it will be an event in European letters: meanwhile one must make the most of the lesser occasions of his posthumous life. Of these, the publication of his letters by Hirte (1914–1920) and of his conversations by Houben (1926) are by far the most important. The consequent biographies by H. G. Atkins in 1929, by H. Walter in 1930, by L. Marcuse in 1932 and by Max Brad in 1934 (Gentile and Jewish revaluations) have continued to keep the interest in Heine alive. Well-informed, readable and at times even penetrating, these monographs have all brought some grist to the mill of the student of Heine. Mr. Untermeyer's biography is of much the same calibre, and in addition offers some engaging verse translations, whilst his own transatlantic style is graced by a vocabulary which often arouses envy:

> The irregular stroppes of "The North Sea" were still stranger; the ancient background and the modern treatment, the cavalier summoning of universities, the unheard-of nonchalance, and the evoking of monstrous powers in an informal but imperative voice, all were startling.

Mr. Untermeyer, retelling informally but shrewdly from his own personal angle the oft-told tale of Heine's life, has provided the readers of biography with an agreeable and informative book: but he has not brought the interpretation of Heine appreciably nearer to revelation. The questions which he hoped to solve (and most of which he believes that he has solved) are the same essentially irrelevant questions which have teased nearly all the writers on Heine, because deep was not calling to deep:

> My chief aim (he acknowledges) was to supply the answer to several often-repeated questions. As a person was Heine a scheming blackguard, a self-deluded scapegrace, a confused liberal, a deliberate evader, or a broken creative spirit triumphing over humiliations and a progressively racking disease? As an author was he a cosmopolitan soul, a German revolutionary, a French agent, or a specifically Jewish satirist? Was he primarily a wit, a politician, a philosopher-journalist, a complex skeptic, or a simple lyric poet? How many Heines can there be?

Countering questions with questions, one might well ask: Why this anxiety to affix labels, few of which will ever stick? And why should a writer of the twentieth century be still staggering under that burthen of perpetual moral questionings which weighed down the Victorian era? Would it not perhaps be more interesting and more enlightening to follow the workings and development of a mind which almost passes comprehension than to call it by standardised names or to judge it by ethical standards? Is it really necessary at this date to take sides in the Platen controversy, or stigmatise Heine's brilliant book on Börne as the cold-blooded mutilation of a corpse, because of some regrettable passages? Moral indignation is never a safe guide in the world of letters, and this particular judgment is as uncritical as it is excessive. From the biographical point of view Mr. Untermeyer, whilst extremely hard on Heine's frequent falls from grace, seems to be quite unaware of the intolerable strain to which the poet's publisher subjected their relationship, and the extraordinary patience and magnanimity with which Heine bore it. He is also disconcertingly generous to Carl Heine in the matter of Solomon Heine's will, and minimises what was one of the most tragic episodes in the poet's life to a mere unimportant misunderstanding. There is, therefore, a certain lack of sympathy to record between Heine and his latest biographer, even though the latter, of German extraction, a writer of poetry and a Jew, began by feeling ("foolishly," he saw later) that there was a temperamental affinity between them. The lifeless and prosaic *Monolay from a Mattress* in verse, which closes this volume, proves the affinity to have been indeed a delusion.

But more serious than incomplete sympathy, and occasional gaps in Mr. Untermeyer's knowledge, is his lack of interest in form. The workings of life on Heine's mind and the expression of this in his art have not been analysed, let alone laid bare. Mr. Untermeyer says some fine and fascinating things about Heine's writings; but to take the North Sea poems as an example, he has not recognised that the two cycles represent flow and ebb, or seen the significance of the position of the poem *Die Götter Griechenlands* in the ebb. This is of greater interest surely than the detailed medical history given to prove that Heine died of syphilis?

The author further omits *Florentinische Nächte* from his consideration of Heine's works; indeed it almost seems as if he had not read it, for he says on page 192: "He met Paganini and talked of writing his impressions, but nothing came of the idea," whereas the description of Paganini in *Florentinische Nächte* is one of Heine's most famous prose passages. *Die Götten im Exil* is discarded as "unimportant," and *Elementargeister* as "an uninspired piece of pack-work." Opinions may legitimately differ about the aesthetic value of these productions, but their crucial importance in the story of Heine's spiritual life is glaringly obvious.

One more criticism, and I have done. It is all too natural that Mr. Untermeyer, being a Jew himself, should be greatly preoccupied with the social and political aspect of Heine's life and writings. It is a side of the story that has also always irresistibly attracted the Gentiles. But the phenomenon called Heine is far too complex to be revealed by political or even by racial slogans and shibboleths. "That man Heine," as he has recently been called, may or may not have died of syphilis; he is certainly dying from neglect to-day. This may seem a strange thing to say in view of the many recent biographies, but it is true none the less. Other people's views about Heine are not Heine himself, and if the future of his poetry is probably assured, his work as a whole, never very widely read in this country, is in danger of being forgotten altogether. Heine's non-political prose is far greater than is realised by those who read no further than the *Reisebilder*.

What is urgently needed at the moment is not another biography, not even another critical study, but the works of the man himself. They are out of print in Germany and Austria, and already good editions are none too easy to procure in this country. A reprint (not a translation) in Latin characters of Elster's critical edition might not only save Heine, that unsolved problem, from oblivion, but might attract a real interpreter.

I am grateful to Mr. Untermeyer for his book about Heine, and I have a lively sense of favours to come when I read that he is about to publish 500 of Heine's poems in his own translations. He is helping to keep Heine's name alive. But gratitude would be too feeble a word to express the emotion I should experience if an English publisher could be found to erect to Heinrich Heine the monument of his own imperishable but perdurable works.

E. M. BUTLER

NEW NOVELS

The Serpent and the Dove. By NORMAN DENNY. *Lane.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Bolden. By HUMPHREY CHESTERMAN. *Harrap.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Angle of Error. By FAITH COMPTON MACKENZIE. *Richards Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Soul of Cézar Azan. By ALUN LLEWELLYN. *Arthur Barker.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Here are at least three books that can be read very agreeably out-of-doors. They would do well for a country holiday—light, but resilient enough to withstand the heats and vibrations of English summer, the lazy drumming of bees and bombers. Of all the qualities which incline one to forget an author's limitations, the best is always that he should be hotly interested in his theme. At the moment of writing, Mr. Denny was in love with the most disgusting kind of high finance, and this has produced an entertaining comedy where the stage was originally set for a fairly entertaining farce. The plot revolves around two penniless men who meet on a park bench. Mr. Bannister is a bland, sympathetic, crooked ex-millionaire just out of a South American prison, and a financial genius; Anthony is a nice, limpid, handsome young "old Hartonian" who has run through his money. They start talking, and Mr. Bannister explains what a hindrance it is not being a gentleman:

> "And I suppose you may argue that a gentleman who seeks to profit by being a gentleman is no gentleman, which makes it all very difficult. But imagine for a moment the possibilities that would open to a man possessed of your breeding and my brains."

It can be guessed at the union which follows—Mr. Power and Mr. Loyalty. The virtue of the book is that the author knows, or appears to the layman to know, what he is talking about, and the extraordinary, increasingly lucrative schemes which ensue seem perfectly credible. Some of the subsidiary characters are excellent. There is one, Claude, about whom I feel the author might well write a whole, and more nourishing, book. A huge, rich, lumbering relation of Anthony's, and once one of the great stars of Harton

cricket, Claude is a small but really fine sketch of a particular kind of English fraud :

> "Everything's going up," said Claude. He filled his glass. "You can't sell tea these days, not the kind we sell, only the sort of muck everybody drinks. Coming to that, it's difficult to get the decent stuff, with this bloody bust-up in China. I wish to hell the Japs would take over the country and run it. Then we might know where we were."

It is also partly because Claude is beginning not to know where he is, and to have the world call his bluff, both for the first time in history, that I suggest him to Mr. Denny for his next subject. The book's most serious jolt is Eleanor, the heroine, whose brightness and slangy common sense is extremely vexing, and all the more so since the author rather likes her. However, she rescues the uneasy Anthony from Mr. Bannister, and the ending, in their Surrey home, is as dry and right, and as promising in a first novel, as could be wished.

Bolden is also a first novel. Mr. Chesterman went to India as an R.A.F. officer with the Londonderry's Own, resigned in 1936, and went to live in Munich. This novel is the result, and so perhaps it is not surprising that the book appears to have two heroes, and to be made out of two novels. The second, Munich, half is far more subjective, less mature, and was, at a guess, written before the first. Nevertheless, taken as a whole, this odd, candid novel easily survives its awkwardness. It begins in Chamkanni, a military station in the North-West Frontier Province. Captain John Bolden returns from a shooting expedition to a wife about to waver ; she falls back into love with him as fast as his suspicions grow. Chamkanni life (tennis ritual, ways of keeping cool, social snares) is described with a sharp, neat eye. Mr. Chesterman is adroit with his officers, too, making them talk the new talk, not the old. Two of them are discussing Bolden, and how, at the height of his jealousy, he lived "alone in a bungalow riddled with bullets and knee-deep in broken glass." One says :

> "It's funny, I suppose—at least, the readers of *Punch* must think it so—to picture what they call a 'curry-eating Anglo-Indian' chasing someone with a gun and a purple face. I suppose an Englishman who lives in India is merely funny when he behaves like that, while a Mexican, or a Spaniard, or a Southern Italian—all of whom live in a very similar climate—is allowed his 'Southern blood,' allowed to spit 'Carramba' through his teeth, and chuck knives about. He is romantic. John's behaviour, to an Englishman who's never been farther south than Le Touquet, except for a fortnight in Madeira, is just incredibly bad taste."

Bolden's wife dies ; his rival, Montague, is killed flying, and he goes to Germany to forget her. In this, the Munich part, Bolden comes second in importance to a blameless but pedantic young threequarter brow, Paul Montague. He is related to the Montague who died, and he and Bolden both pursue the same girl at the *Studentenheim*. Bolden, a "modern Othello" as the blurb has it, ingeniously contrives Paul's death, and that is the plot. To some degree, this second section depends for its interest on the accounts of places and people in Munich since the Nazi occupation. Paul, who brushes his forehead with his finger tips much too much, and says things like "Does one still talk Freud in eligible circles ?" is a less fetching figure than Mr. Chesterman intends. But Bolden, as a sahib at bay among a young crowd of international students, is enough to hold one's attention to the end.

There are those who will find Mrs. Mackenzie's stories a little mild, but there are more who will find them pleasantly nostalgic. In some of them, her background is "Spiaggia" : her husband called it Sirene, and Mr. Douglas, Nepenthe. It is in something of a daze that one reads again of this Europe where individualism was not yet the equivalent of high treason, and people could enjoy themselves without the suspicion that they were dancing on a mixture between a volcano and a grave. The author's habit of mind is not contemporary, and consequently she has reproduced her inhabitants, and her English, Russians and Germans, just as they were—as human beings who engaged, in one way or another, her attention. Their eccentricities have not been tampered with, towed and propped into symbols, and the result is that one finds oneself being amused by them in a way that is all the more invigorating for being no longer allowed. *The Angle of Error* itself is one of the most charming stories : the subject is no more than the discovery of a god-like young Italian who begins by stealing the cigars, and ends as a Tino Rossi. Mrs. Mackenzie is observant with her men, and very sensibly prefers them attractive, but there are times when this runs away with her a little. For instance, here is a quotation from one of the stories about England, called "Cushions."

> He was altogether delicious, Roxy thought ; glossy like a buttercup, or a sovereign. She loved the way he laughed, with a "Khee-e-e-e" at the end of it, and a provoking habit of putting out, for a second, as a python might, a pointed little tongue. There was never any time to see if it were forked or not.

This, incidentally, is not a tiny child, but the hero. Roxy is a South African girl who likes to be comfortable, and finds herself married to an Englishman who insists on everything in the house being Jacobean :

> When she went up to dress for dinner she found, instead of her gold teagown, an unknown and voluminous garment of pale powder-blue laid out for her. "Do you mind, darling, wearing this ? I had it copied for you from an old seventeenth-century picture. It is simply *made* for you. and you will look so wonderful sitting there in the candlelight."

Roxy buys three dazzling and robust cushions from Marshall and Snelgrove's, and there comes a battle over certain English conceptions of good taste which makes satisfactorily savage reading.

The Soul of Cézar Azan is that sad thing, a good book that has been spoiled. Mr. Llewellyn's ambition was to create a cowardly, half-crazy little Provençal bullfighter. Cézar had only one eye, and never more than two ideas ; he worshipped one woman, Céline, and he idolised one man, Eladio, the leader of his troupe. When he discovers that Céline loves Eladio, his feelings fuse, and he commits murder, and then suicide in the bullring. The author understood Cézar's narrow, over-simple, inarticulate, boiling nature thoroughly, and he could quite well have produced a sound and spirited portrait. Instead, he has drenched and drowned it all in words.

> . . . with the doorway carved and sculptured still with the rich fancy of long-dead artists who built for a vanished splendour.

This is half, only, of a sentence taken genuinely at random. It is extraordinary that an author with Mr. Llewellyn's talents can bear to be so assiduously sloppy. For those who don't mind it, of course, or whose interest in the setting will see them through, the book is worth reading—if only for the scene in which a bull gets four embarrassed, furious and terrified bullfighters behind a barrier with only room for three. Mr. Llewellyn became so excited that he forgot to summon his great, gabbling brood of adjectives, and the result is superb.

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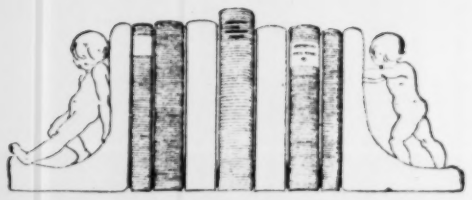

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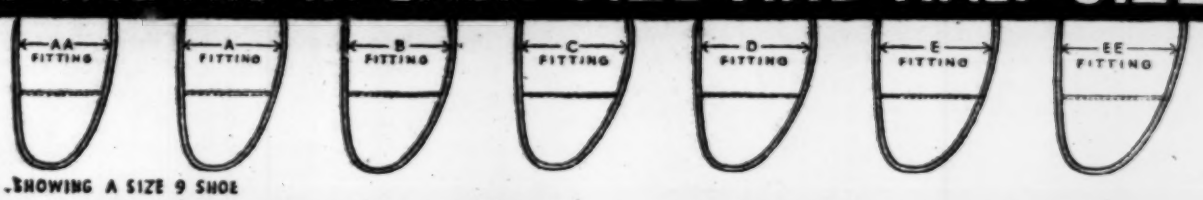

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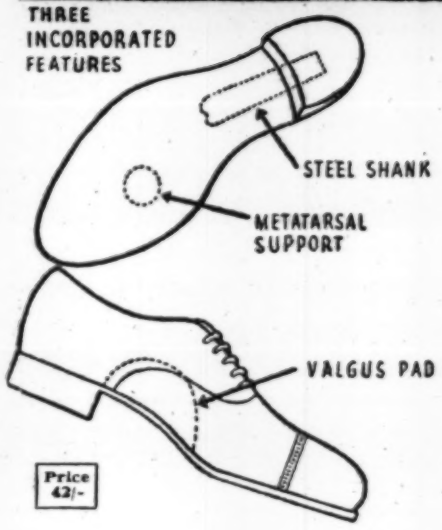

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Roosevelt. By EMIL LUDWIG. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10s. 6d.
The American Constitution. By SIR MAURICE AMOS. *Longmans.* 7s. 6d.

Mr. Ludwig has missed a great opportunity. Mr. Roosevelt is, on any showing, one of the significant figures of the post-war world. Seriously to have explained his personality and his policies would have been an exploration of the dynamics of democratic government of quite outstanding importance. It would not, no doubt, have been an easy task. American politics are not simple; and, especially since the Depression, the conditions they seek to control are not easily susceptible to a formula. But the task was well worth attempting. It would have given us an insight into what was meant by leadership, the possibilities it offers of using a political system to create a sense of the State, the interplay of economic and political power, the problem of the right choice of instruments for determined purposes, the ability to create significant public opinion, all of which are among the crucial issues of our age.

Mr. Ludwig has chosen differently. Most of what he has written is inspired gossip, written with pontificality and dwelling almost wholly in the realm of the superficial. We have a drama in three acts—the gay and nonchalant adventurer brushing the skirts of power; the invalid becoming master of himself because he learns self-discipline from suffering; the self-conqueror becoming master of the American people because he has learned to be master of himself. It is all done in cinematographic fashion, with flashes here and there of those others who cross the scene. There are anecdotes to tickle the palate; there are comparisons, usually inadequate, to supply a perspective; there is a thin trickle of ideology to suggest that Mr. Roosevelt has a philosophy. It is all simplified to excess. The reader emerges with no real idea of what manner of man Mr. Roosevelt is, what problems he has confronted, how he has sought to tackle them. We are properly told that he has courage and determination and the experimental temper that is essential to the successful statesman. There is a great deal about Mr. Roosevelt's famous charm. But the inner essence of the man has wholly escaped Mr. Ludwig; and I think it has escaped him partly because he does not really know what American politics are about, and partly because he has not taken enough trouble to get inside his subject. The portrait that emerges is, to use an obvious analogy, as superficial as a fashionable court-painter's of a monarch. All the creases are smoothed away. The outside semblance is there. But there is lacking the clue to as interesting a personality as any who has sat in the White House since Abraham Lincoln. This is a book for the drawing room. It throws more light on Mr. Ludwig than it does on the most remarkable American President of modern times.

Sir Maurice Amos has written a book with interesting things in it, but, on the whole, it is a disappointment. Partly, I think, that is the result of the scale upon which it is written; you cannot explain so complicated an instrument as the American Constitution, even from the legal angle, in 150 small octavo pages. Partly, also, Sir Maurice has sought too carefully to separate the legal aspect from the economic and political aspects of which it is the expression. No one, for instance, could really grasp the issues involved in the relation of the Supreme Court to the New Deal from the brief and excessively simplified account here given. The book suffers, too, from Sir Maurice's over-anxiety to escape from the difficulties of judging the process he describes. Again and again one searches for the "why" of the conclusion he summarises without discovering that he has provided the clue. The real truth, as that great lawyer John Chipman Gray once said, is that problems of constitutional law are, at bottom, politics; and the axioms and postulates upon which the Constitution is based must be examined in the light of the shifting interpretation given to them if they are to be really helpful. Sir Maurice has read widely, and there are moments when his own robust personality triumphs over the limitations he has imposed upon himself. But the book is not the one we could have hoped from a jurist who has his own vivid ideas upon the issues he discusses. It will stimulate interest among those who already know all that is involved in those issues. It will hardly provoke in the stranger to them a sense of the vivid interest and excitement they possess.

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ADVENTURES, ONE WAY AND ANOTHER

Hell on Ice. By EDWARD ELLSBERG. *Heinemann.* 12s. 6d.
Loud Report. By GIBSON COWAN. *Michael Joseph.* 8s. 6d.
Following My Nose Through Morocco. By E. LEWIS BAILEY. *Selwyn and Blount.* 10s. 6d.
Broken Atoms. By E. C. ELIOT. *Bles.* 10s. 6d.

These four books cover a wide range of adventure, each very different from the others, but all sharing the essential quality of being well worth reading. *Hell On Ice* is one of the few books that merit the overworked description of "epic." It is a record of phenomenal endurance in the face of privations so horrible that they haunt the imagination long after one has finished the book. The *Jeanette* sailed from America for the North Pole in 1879; nothing went right with the attempt, and the ship was eventually smashed by the ice. The crew got away with sledges and boats and set out for the Siberian coast. Of all the miseries of that journey, the most terrible in some ways is the account of the first eight days. It was imperative to travel a certain mileage southwards over the ice each day in order to maintain a safe ratio between distance and food supply, but when the captain calculated their position he found that owing to the drift of the ice they were actually 25 miles further north than when they started.

They did eventually get off the ice and took to the sea in three boats. There was every reason to think they would make the crossing to the Siberian mainland and find food and help at a village shown on their charts. Stormy seas, however, sank one boat and separated the other two. Both surviving parties reached the coast, though in a fearful condition; one man had gone insane, several had frost-bite and all were weak with hunger. Their charts proved to be wrong, and they were faced with a further heart-breaking journey overland. One party was saved, those of the other died one by one as they struggled through Siberia. The bitter disillusionment of that coast which had been their goal and which became their grave, the courage of the men, the extreme suffering which they endured, the terrible irony of disaster coming just when they seemed to have escaped—all

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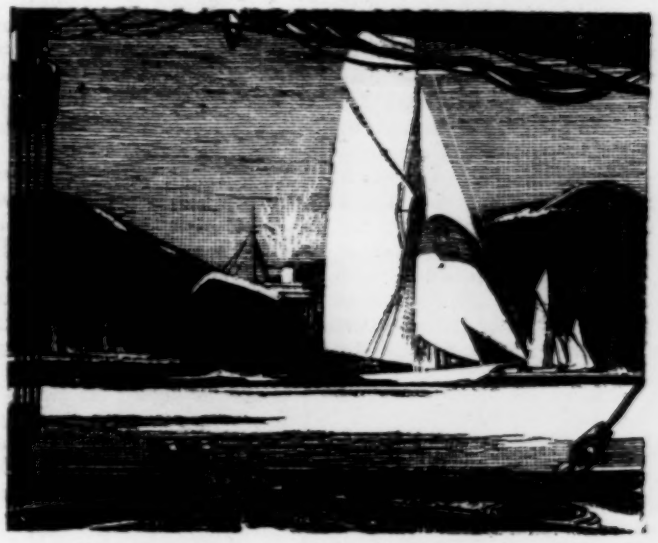

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these things make a blend of tragedy and heroism which probably has never been surpassed and never will. Commander Ellsberg retells the story graphically, although he has chosen the curious method of writing in the first person as if he were the Chief Engineer of the *Jeanette*. It is a not very likeable device and leads to a degree of falsity; but with this reservation *Hell On Ice* is a worthy record of a brave adventure.

Mr. Gibson Cowan moves in a very different world, where the menace is poverty and the weapon is cunning. *Loud Report* describes how the author drifted almost casually into a life of vagrancy in England, and it provides a lively picture of the adventures of such a life. How far it is all credible is perhaps a matter for the individual reader to judge. There is one amusing passage in which Mr. Cowan describes his skill in "telling the tale."

> I knew what he wanted. I began to talk. I guessed all the things he had ever wanted to do in his life and invented adventures which included the lot. . . . The joke was that he envied me from the bottom of his heart.

I could not help feeling sometimes that Mr. Cowan also knows what his readers want. He has a conspicuously good memory for sexual incidents. But in spite of a tendency to disproportion and a love of "colour" *Loud Report* has the touch of authenticity. Comparison with Defoe is easily made and apt enough. Mr. Cowan writes objectively and with admirable economy. His narrative never flags, his incidents are varied and striking. His own comments are few, but he occasionally adds an engaging irony, as—

> In 1916 came the first rumours of conscription. There was an immediate rush for work of national importance.

Mrs. Bailey and Mr. Cowan impress me as "sisters under the skin," though Mrs. Bailey would probably deny the relationship. In a financial sense there are two conventional ways for white people to live among coloured: by taking up an appointment from the home country, or by having private means. During her stay in Morocco Mrs. Bailey was always tending to be both unemployed and impecunious; this is no crime, but neither is it orthodox in such places. The local white colony, not calloused in conscience by reducing its Mrs. Baileys to statistics, was impelled to do something about it. Just as Mr. Cowan is occasionally given cups of tea by sympathetic householders, so Mrs. Bailey was provided with "jobs." She looked after people's dogs and superintended the cleaning staff of a cinema. It is a very genteel kind of vagrancy, and Mrs. Bailey insists on chopping some wood before she takes the tea, but she still resembles Mr. Cowan in being rather more of a problem than an asset; though society may be to blame for that. What is so striking in her adventures is the pertinacity with which she upholds her standards in a quite irrelevant environment. She is very worried by what "they" would think of her humiliations, "they" being apparently a picked team of relatives and neighbours with very strict taboos. The hockey-mistress in Mrs. Bailey survives every encounter, and whatever Mr. Cowan may know about "what the reader wants" she allows no nonsense over sex. "A look of loathing and scorn and as dignified an exit as possible were the only weapons to use," she writes, and it seems that a considerable number of foreigners were awarded this supreme raspberry *à l' anglaise*. Nevertheless, however odd her equipment for such a life, Mrs. Bailey stuck to it and came out unscathed. She even managed to appreciate mint-tea. Her account of Moroccan life is an entertaining addition to a subject that is by no means overstocked, and her own aggressive primness serves as a foil for the encampments of harlotry which she describes. One joke in the worst of taste completes the enigma of Mrs. Bailey.

Broken Atoms is for the most part a conventional story of the Empire administrator at work and play. As such it is just another very readable and pleasant addition to a crowded category, and Mr. Eliot points out with becoming modesty that he would not have written it if he had nothing else to say. The special subject of his book is what he considers to be a political scandal of some importance. During and after the war Mr. Eliot was Resident Commissioner of the Gilbert and Ellice Protectorate, a group of islands which were commercially exploited by the Pacific Phosphate Company. His relationship with the company's officials was not happy, and it is his contention that the Colonial Office deliberately assisted the company to swindle the natives. Mr. Eliot's accusations are boldly made: he asserts plainly that a Colonial Office official accepted a bribe for his services to the company. Mr. Eliot's sympathies were with the islanders, and he seems throughout his career to have been a little more sensitive than is expected in the more brutal moments of imperial expansion. The one curious thing about his own behaviour is that he has delayed his attack for so long. A pseudonymous preface notes that Mr. Eliot has waited until all those concerned are dead. "He has ticked off the death-roll as the years passed by." This is not helpful to a possible investigation, nor in the last resort is it fair to those he accuses.

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In these days when the daily press reports nothing but trials this book is a timely reminder of the great achievements for freedom by the Soviets.

"There can be no progress while one half of the human race is enslaved," said Lenin when insisting on the necessity of freeing woman from her eternal domestic drudgery, from her economic dependence on man. Compared with her sister in the East the European woman, to whom Lenin was referring, was the freest of the free. Dr. Hallé's account of the position of women in Central Asia before the Revolution is almost too horrifying for belief. The author gives arresting and vivid pictures of the lives of these women in their own words. She describes the cruelty and degradation of "Kalym"—the purchase price of the bride, without which no man could obtain a wife, so that while a rich "bey" might have several for his pleasure, a poor man either had to wait years before he could marry, or hand himself over to moneylenders. There are detailed descriptions of the marriage customs which sound fantastic, customs that have not yet disappeared completely, in spite of the years of Soviet rule.

The paranja, that symbol of woman's slavery which never permitted her to breathe fresh air or see the light out of doors, is still met with, though only occasionally, so great is the force of tradition and custom. This is how the author describes the dress of the women of Uzbekestan and Tadjikistan:

> First the woman's face is covered with a thick rough horsehair net, the "chavchan," like a sieve without even holes for the eyes. Sometimes a second black veil is hung over this net, and then a

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"khalat," a long wide cloak with excessively narrow sleeves, is placed straight upon the head, not on the shoulders. The feet are confined in long high boots reaching to the knees to which are attached a kind of leather golosh below. A woman in a paranja looks like a ghost, a walking dark-room, whose formless, repulsive silhouette contrasts uncomprehensibly and horribly with the brilliant, sun-drenched bazaars and squares of Samarkand, Tashkent and Bokhara.

More horrible was the treatment of the female as an unclean being and of pregnancy as something vile. There are detailed descriptions of how pregnant women had to retire alone into a kind of dank, dark stable, of how others, after submitting to physical torture, were placed on a dunghill for the birth to take place; while the nomad women stayed behind in the desert with only a dog for help. "Indeed," says the author, "no words can express the unimaginable lot of these most wretched beings, these slaves among slaves . . . women burnt alive, cast down deep gorges, poisoned, stabbed, or burnt by their own hand with paraffin."

Frau Hallé attempts to describe how the Soviet authorities grappled with this superhuman task of freeing the women of the East. I say attempts, because in spite of the author's qualifications for the task, knowledge of Russian and Russia, and some months spent among the women of the East, she has not wholly succeeded in conveying to the reader the epic grandeur of Soviet achievement, the heroic sacrifices of Russian men and women, as well as of native women, in the cause of freedom.

The author has attempted too much. She has collected an enormous mass of material, and she could not resist the temptation to put it all in between two covers. It is a pity. Frau Hallé should have written three books with her material; a history of Central Asia from prehistoric times; a book on "Women in the East in Prose and Verse" into which nearly all her quotations should go; and last, one that bears the title of this book. Had she followed this plan she would have avoided the inevitable inaccuracies in the introduction, the general confusion, the repetitions and contradictions. The translation from the German, while adequate, does not make for clarity. Excellent illustrations and a map enhance greatly the value of the book.

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Encyclopédie Française. Tomes XVI et XVII: Arts et Littératures.

Hourticq's Encyclopedia of Art. By LOUIS HOURTICQ. Translated under the supervision of TANCRED BORENIUS. *Harrap.* 2 vols. £4 4*s*.

The English idea of an encyclopædia is practical: it aims at including every subject under the sun, and you only need to know the alphabet to be able to use it. But the French begin with a system. The original *Encyclopédie*, for example, divided all knowledge under the headings of memory, reason and imagination; corresponding classes were found in each subject—writers, for example, were divided into *érudits*, *philosophes* and *beaux esprits*. The new *Encyclopédie Française* keeps to the national tradition. We are only concerned now with two volumes of the twenty-one which are to be published, and the plan of the whole work is not clear. But within this province of art and literature all is order and method—a fixed mould into which is poured the fluid rhetoric of the French intelligence.

The first part deals with the materials and methods of the craftsman. Space and Time afford the first general division. Space is subdivided into Volume and Surface; Time into Sounds, Movement and Language. Each of these subdivisions is further subdivided according to materials—e.g., under Volumes of Space we find Stone, Agglomerates (concrete, terra-cotta, plaster, asphalt, etc.), Metals and Wood. Finally each of these subjects is again divided according to use—architecture, decoration, coins and medals, etc. The second part of these volumes then surveys the field from the point of view of the consumer. Here the main divisions are Collective and Individual Needs, and these have their obvious divisions and subdivisions. The third part introduces an original ideal of the general editor, M. Pierre Abraham. It is called the Dialogue between the Producer and the Consumer and has three sections: "Tableau descriptif des réalisations contemporaines," "L'Interprétation" and "La Profession." The first section (and by far the largest in the volumes) provides the opportunity for a review of the "tendances actuelles" in every part of the world; the second section deals with the public performance of music and drama; the third with the professional interests of painters, musicians and writers (it gives, for example, a list of the seventy-two literary prizes which exist in France).

In this way an immense structure of pigeon-holes is built up, and the editor then goes out into the thickly populated intellectual groves of France and invites the pigeons to come and roost. They flock in their scores, each with a neat little literary essay in its beak. And how beautifully they fit! From Auguste Perret on the Agglomerates to René Clair on the Why and How of Making Films each little essay fits into its pre-ordained place. And some of them are charming literary exercises—essays such as Élie Faure on the Universality of Art, Julien Benda on Is Art Independent of its Environment? Lucien Fabre on Laughter in Art. Essays such as these would grace the pages of any magazine. But facts? Sometimes the rhetoric is muted to permit the mention of a name or a date; they come thick and fast in the "Tableau descriptif des réalisations contemporaines," though seldom with precision. It is true that there is an index of names, but let us try it. Kafka is a writer of some significance in the European literary scene. There is one reference to his name in the index. I turn to page 17.48-7 and find six lines devoted to him. They give neither the dates of his birth or death nor the titles of any of his works. They merely inform me that in Kafka we find a combination of disturbingly precise logic, a secret mysteriousness which is nevertheless sure of itself, and a fantasy which seems to be based on an exact study of modern psychiatry.

It is always dangerous for an undertaking of this kind to range over the whole world unless it is prepared to employ foreign agents. The sections devoted to modern English art and literature, which are written by Frenchmen, provide more amusement than enlightenment. English painting is dismissed in eleven mystifying lines. What can be the meaning of the following statement: "Walter SICKERT est la figure dominante de la peinture anglaise qui puise son charme sinon son originalité dans le raffinement d'élégance, le brio, la technique anonyme de la tradition académique de SARGENT et de LAVERY"? In English fiction James Joyce, D. H. Lawrence and Virginia Woolf are given a certain importance, but the rest are thrown into a common grave of small type. In the section devoted to English poetry most space for some reason is given to Lascelles Abercrombie and Wilfred Gibson.

Company Meeting

BOOTS PURE DRUG COMPANY, LIMITED

THE fiftieth Annual Ordinary General Meeting of Boots Pure Drug Company, Limited, was held on Thursday, June 16th.

The Right Hon. Lord Trent, Chairman of Directors, said:

Our trading profit, after providing for contributions to staff pensions funds, management remuneration and income tax, and also after deducting £36,000 for our National Defence Contribution, amounts to £940,332, against £966,116, a decrease of £25,784.

The net balance, after charging all these items, amounts to £762,625. After payment of Preference and Preferred Ordinary dividends, and of four quarterly dividends of 6 per cent. less tax on Ordinary shares, we have a balance of £281,875, which, with the balance brought forward, amounts to £598,862. Your Directors recommend a bonus of 3*d.* per share free of income tax on the Ordinary shares, absorbing £80,000.

RESERVE FUND

Your Directors do not consider it necessary to increase the General Reserve Fund at the present time, but in view of the trend of taxation, and the even heavier burdens foreshadowed in the Chancellor of the Exchequer's Budget speech, they recommend a transfer of £50,000 to Taxation Reserve. In addition, they recommend the transfer of £72,132 to Freehold Property Reserve, £16,772 to Works Development Reserve, £33,228 to Overseas Development Fund, leaving to be carried forward to next year £346,730.

The Company's holdings of Government securities have now been finally disposed of, resulting in a capital profit of £56,140, and your Directors recommend that from this sum a special cash capital distribution of 2*d.* per share (not subject to tax) be made to Ordinary shareholders. This will absorb £53,333, and it is proposed that the balance of £2,807 be divided amongst the Boots' Benevolent Funds.

Our subsidiary companies have continued to make progress, although they also have suffered from the necessity of paying N.D.C. During the year we have opened 31 new shops and closed 3, so that on March 31st we had 1,180 branches.

A POLICY OF CAUTION

It would have been easy and popular to distribute a larger proportion of our profits, but your Directors feel strongly that the times in which we are living are too uncertain to justify a departure from the policy we have followed in recent years of conserving our resources.

Reference should be made to the great new factory at Beeston for the manufacture of dry goods, which is almost completed and is already in partial operation. It was designed by Sir Owen Williams on similar principles to the neighbouring "wets" factory. The Beeston factories will constitute, from the point of view of aptness for function, probably the finest group of factory buildings in this country.

WHOLESALE AND EXPORT

The wholesale connection at home has continued to expand and the export figures show a material increase. Our action in increasing the number of representatives in India has been justified by a steadily increasing sale of our products in India, Burma, Malaya and Siam.

Following a visit paid by the head of our Wholesale and Export Department to Egypt, Palestine, Syria and the Sudan, agencies were arranged and extended in those markets, with results that up to date have been most encouraging.

During the year, also, our trade in Canada and South Africa has shown healthy development and our medical specialities are enjoying a growing demand in these Dominions.

With regard to New Zealand, your Directors are quite satisfied with the steady progress which our two pioneer branches in Auckland and Wellington have made in all sections. We have not yet been able to open further branches in New Zealand owing to the Government's conservative policy in regard to the pharmaceutical industry, but we have every hope that restrictions will gradually be removed.

VETERINARY AND GARDENING PRODUCTS

In the Veterinary Section our extensive range of products are increasingly in demand and notable additions are being made, as the result of constant research and experiments, in which we enjoy the collaboration of some of the leading veterinary practitioners.

The Horticultural Section also reports a year of interesting developments, including the elaboration of a wide range of new products of interest to gardeners. In elaborating these products we have consulted the best-known research stations.

RECORD SALES

The total volume of trade, number of prescriptions dispensed, and number of customers, all reached record figures. In fact, we had over 169,000,000 sales transactions—and dispensed 150,000 prescriptions a week—and this in spite of the absence of any widespread epidemic.

Business has continued to expand, although not to a sufficient extent to offset increased taxation combined with increased expenses. Every effort is made to cope with the highly important problem of keeping expenditure within due limits, but wages, rents, rates, freights, fuel, lighting, raw materials of all kinds, in fact all our essential costs, have shown an upward trend. In a few instances, we have been compelled to put up our prices, but as a general rule we have been at pains not to pass on to the public the extra cost of bottles, containers, etc.

In one important section, namely the Library, we have had to raise our subscriptions slightly, owing not only to the increased cost of paper, printing, binding and transport, but also to the great increase during recent years in the number of books published.

SOCIAL SERVICES FOR STAFF

At March our staff numbered 21,784, an increase of over 900 during the year. This constant increase of shops and staff naturally means more opportunities of promotion for the keen, bright man or woman.

Admirable work is done by the various branches of our organisation which are concerned solely with questions affecting personnel. Our social services include, for instance, pension schemes, a continuation school for juvenile workers, medical services, welfare departments, canteens, staff training classes, sport and social clubs, dramatic and other societies, house magazines and educative films, and a host of kindred activities.

REVIEW OF PROGRESS

The figures I have put before you concerning our progress, our profits and our resources, judged by any other standard than our own, and in view of all the circumstances, might be considered satisfactory. But I should not be frank with you if I did not say that your Directors would have greatly preferred, in this our Jubilee year, to report in addition to record figures of sales transactions, staff employed and branches working, profits and prospects which would justify a larger distribution to the shareholders or concessions to the staff, or both.

If the shareholders have not had an increase of dividend it is fair to recall that the present rate of dividend has been maintained for several years and was not reduced in the years of bad trade. As to the staff, as I have already indicated, the concessions made to them in recent years have involved us in substantial increases of annual expenditure.

There has, for instance, been much talk lately about the granting of holidays with pay. This, of course, has been our practice for many years. During the last few years we have materially reduced the hours of work, without reducing pay (which entails the engagement of extra staff), and though it is not feasible to put a five-day week into practice on the retail side of the business, we have granted extra holidays with pay, as well as reducing hours by introducing later times for the opening of shops, and extending meal times.

COLLABORATION WITH SCIENTISTS

We have continued to conduct our medical and scientific research work in close collaboration with distinguished research workers in the universities, hospitals and other institutions. Their advice has been invaluable, particularly in connection with our range of Special Medical Products, which has been extended during the past year. At the same time, we make our own contribution to the medical research work of the nation by contributing or loaning chemicals or apparatus to other research laboratories, by providing our consultants with qualified research workers and by placing the results of our own investigations and experiments in the common pool. In these and other ways we keep abreast of current medical discoveries and play our part in the development of scientific knowledge.

A.R.P.

During the year, with the eager co-operation of Lord Mayors, Mayors and the local authorities, we have displayed our model gas-protected room, accompanied by explanatory talks, in some 80 cities and towns throughout the country. Some 300,000 persons have visited these displays, and the publicity given to them in the Press has provided further valuable propaganda for A.R.P., of which the Home Office has expressed its deep appreciation.

MINISTER OF HEALTH'S TRIBUTE

On the occasion of the official celebration of the Company's fiftieth anniversary earlier this month in London, we were honoured by the presence of the Minister of Health, who, in paying an enthusiastic tribute to the founder of the Company, expressed the view that to provide good shops giving good service for money and good conditions for the people who worked in them, was as public-spirited an action as any man could do. Mr. Walter Elliot, in those words, I think, summed up the general principles that have guided and should continue to guide the policy of the Company.

FUTURE PROSPECTS

While I have every reason to express the Board's complete confidence in the vitality and expansive powers of our Company, the fortunes of a great retail business like ours must be intimately bound up with the purchasing power of the public, and that is a factor over which we have no control. It is impossible to shut one's eyes to the trend of prevailing economic conditions. The future is too uncertain to warrant any expression of easy optimism, but on the other hand, the broad foundations of our business and the careful financial policy we have pursued over many years combine to place us in a powerful position to face successfully in the future any rough weather we may encounter.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

After this, can we trust the pages devoted to "les littératures balkaniques"? When we are told that the Lithuanian writers Machruotas, Rabickas and Zabarskas "show a comprehension of child psychology and a taste superior to the poverty which prevails in this domain in other countries," can we be sure?

There is one feature of the *Encyclopédie* which is biographically detailed and chronologically exact—the "Index des Collaborateurs."

Hourticq's *Encyclopedia of Art*, which is confined to the plastic arts, is also of French origin, but is strictly alphabetical. In the process of translation "the editors have subjected the text to copious revision and have included many new fields of art history which had not been investigated at the time of the original publication." It is illustrated by hundreds of small wood-engravings, incredibly old-fashioned and mere travesties of the works of art they represent. But these have been supplemented by 125 half-tone plates of a more contemporary character. The information is in general accurate, comprehensive but succinct, and surprisingly up-to-date. The biographies of modern artists are excellent, but a little arbitrary as to choice—Miró, for example, is included, but not Max Ernst; Paul Nash but not Henry Moore. The articles on technical processes are too short to be of any practical use.

HERBERT READ

HAVES AND HAVE NOTS

The International Distribution of Raw Materials. By HERMANN KRANOLD. *Routledge.* 15*s.*

International Sanctions. Royal Institute of International Affairs. *Oxford University Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

As a source of reference concerning the distribution of raw materials and their uses, the first of these books is of real value, and it is written in a style which makes a dull subject readable. One must, however, criticise its attempt to prove that the "Haves" are not really "Haves." With this end in view too great importance is attached to secondary raw materials, and the resources of the Dominions and of India are excluded in the estimate made of Britain's place among the Powers. Although the exclusion of the self-governing territories of the British Empire may to some extent be justified, a Socialist, as the author apparently considers himself to be, has no right to perpetuate the specious arguments of our Conservative statesmen and writers concerning India. India has tariff autonomy, at least in theory, but she has neither political nor financial autonomy and her commerce is under British control. Public contracts are placed in Britain and Indian currency is tied to sterling; the profits of the banks and big merchant houses go to Britain, and many British people profit directly from cheap Indian labour on the plantations and in the factories.

These recent discussions of the Have and Have Not business conveniently ignore the profits accruing to the "mother country" from a practical monopoly of investment in the colonial territories, which in effect means a monopoly of the profit from the exploitation of cheap colonial labour. In effect the struggle between the Haves and Have Nots under the cloak of the raw material problem is comparable in terms of economic reality to the struggle of states in the ancient world for the possession of slaves. The fact that one Power may, or may not, treat the natives better than another does not fundamentally affect the issue. Hence the unreality of most of the arguments put forward either by the Haves who cling on to the possession of their colonies whilst proclaiming their valuelessness, or by the Have Nots who say they want access to raw materials when what they really want is a share in the profits of exploiting African or Asiatic labour. Obviously the right to work natives at 6*d.* or 1*s.* a day on plantations or in mines is extremely profitable. This profit accrues to the capitalists of the Imperialist State irrespective of whom they sell the raw material to.

Even if we disregard this aspect of the question and confine ourselves to the more superficial view of the raw material problem, this book seriously minimises the market side of the Have Not argument in a world in which the British Empire has abandoned Free Trade, and in which France and the U.S.A. have long had tariff walls around their territories.

Mr. Kranold ends with a plea for international planning. Yet one imagines from what he has previously said that he has little hope of the capitalist leopards ever changing their spots. At present the democratic leopards are busy proclaiming that only the dictator ones have spots at all. The plea for the intelligent international control and distribution of raw materials (which in effect means joint exploitation of the African and the Asiatic by all the Powers) was once supported by certain Labour and Liberal elements. The policy which finds practical support to-day is rather to keep the Have Nots as short of raw materials as possible and so make aggression more difficult. Meanwhile, the dictators choose guns instead of butter in order to acquire other people's butter in abundance later on by war or the threat of it.

Undoubtedly it is not only the fear of being starved out in war time and the desire to profit from the sale of colonial produce, but also the fear of economic sanctions to prevent their "peaceful aggression" which is behind the German and Italian demand for colonies and for extension of their territory in Europe. *International Sanctions* performs a most valuable service in analysing the exact implications of Sanctions, their nature as envisaged in the Covenant of the League of Nations, and the manner in which economic sanctions were applied to Italy. The reader is left in no doubt that they were never seriously applied, that if they had been applied fully and without delay—Italy was given three months' grace—they would have been effective, and that in the case of a long war even their partial application would have been effective. This latter point is of considerable importance in view of the Sino-Japanese war. From the facts given in this book, and also on account of Japan's greater industrial and financial weakness and her greater dependence on British Empire and American markets, and above all because of the prolonged resistance of China, it becomes abundantly clear that economic sanctions could stop Japanese aggression.

As regards the very limited nature of the sanctions applied to Italy, one quotation will suffice:

> Iron ore and scrap iron were prohibited but pig iron and bars were not; nor were coal, oil, or copper. . . . Thus to take a hypothetical example tanks, built of steel bought from League countries and paid for with money spent in Italy by the nationals of League countries, could be driven by petrol supplied by League countries and trans-

If there is one subject

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ported to Massawa by tankers flying the flags of states members of the League.

The authors delicately suggest that it is the absence of the will to apply effective sanctions rather than "any technical obstacles or lack of efficacy in the measures available" which prevents the sanctions of the Covenant being the safeguards of peace. They pose the question as to how far it is possible to be impartial in dealing with a delinquent to whom one is bound by a treaty of mutual assistance, or whom one regards as a potential ally in the future, and point in particular to France's tendency to "regard the Covenant simply as an insurance against Germany." Hence her dilemma when aggression came from one of the countries "which had been brought more or less within the French orbit."

The problem of "law" *versus* "justice" is also considered in connection with the German and Italian view that collective security means merely the rigid maintenance of the Versailles Treaty against them. As Walter Lippmann wrote: "Substitute the word 'revision' for the word 'aggression' and the words 'maintenance of the peace treaties' for the word 'security' and you have the real meaning of this interminable debate."

To quote the conclusion of this study, the ultimate problem is that "those States most interested in the aim of preserving peace might prove most reluctant to have resource to the ultimate sanction of force." Moreover, one nation after another is reverting to old policies and old hopes of preserving neutrality or securing allies instead of co-operating in the maintenance of collective security.

Pacifists and isolationists of to-day may be reminded that their point of view is not so entirely new by the following quotation from Praed given in the final chapter:

> Let Portugal have rulers twain
> Let Greece go on with none,
> Let Popery sink or swim in Spain
> While we enjoy the fun;
> Let Turkey tremble at the knout,
> Let Algiers lose her Dey,
> Let Paris turn her Bourbons out—
> Bah! Take the sword away.

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About Motoring

GERMANY AND HIGH SPEED

THE average Briton cherishes a conviction that the Germans are painstaking rather than brilliant in all technical matters. He ascribes even their pre-eminence in chemistry to a beaverlike industry, which eventually stumbles on its goal through wearisome and prolonged processes of elimination. Be that as it may, German motor engineers can point to really astounding achievements in the field of high-speed motoring. There was a time, for example, when both Italy and France were their masters wherever motor cars were raced. But the Mercedes and Auto-Union racing cars are so paramount nowadays that Italy seems to have lost heart altogether, and France, in spite of heavy Government subsidies, shows little sign of maintaining a struggle in which she has been humiliated on numerous occasions. Great Britain is possessed by a mighty passion for all forms of high-speed motoring, disposes of immense wealth, but is little mentioned in Continental circles. It is true that individual sportsmen of wealth have successively secured the world's high-speed land record for this country; but this is hardly a competitive event, and only the Americans ever take a futile sniff at it. Factories are not interested in this freak performance, since its enormous cost can never influence the sale of standard models half as powerfully as the expenditure of an equal sum on more direct forms of advertising. These 300 m.p.h. records must be attempted on lonely deserts far from the madding crowd, and when the news reels go back into their tins, the feat is largely forgotten. Nobody doubts that if Germany deemed this record worth her while, she would take it, she would keep it, and she would probably secure it with far smaller engines than the borrowed aircraft units with which our opulent sportsmen and our oil companies successively attack it. A cynic might venture the opinion that Britons would hardly worry about it if success did not bring such honour and glory in its wake. During the last few years Britons have won a good many minor races on the E.R.A. cars, specially built for the purpose by a sporting syndicate. Hitherto the E.R.A. people have wisely avoided any direct challenge of the Mercedes and Auto-Union German cars, though it is just possible that with increasing experience they may have the hardihood to invade the high-powered field. Whatever the reason, and no matter from what angle we view it, Germany is haughtily invincible in the racing motor-car field.

All through the summer motor bicycles are raced almost weekly in the more developed European countries. These motor-cycle races are divided into three categories of 500 c.c., 350 c.c., and 250 c.c. respectively. When the war ended, Germany did not possess a single reputable motor cycle, and in common with other European nations she attempted to resuscitate her motor-cycle industry by copying British machines somewhat slavishly. But she soon produced that originality which the man in the street denies her. To-day she makes the fastest 500 c.c. motor bicycle in the world (the B.M.W.) which in racing form is 10 m.p.h. faster than Britain's best, and in touring form would impress any impartial engineer as a neater and more workmanlike job than any of our own. In the 350 c.c. class Britain still leads on all counts. In the 250 c.c. class Germany has taken the two-stroke type of engine, and developed a machine which regularly defeats the cream of British productions in that engine size. Like the B.M.W. her D.K.W. two-stroke is as original as it is efficient.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated

AMBASSADORS. Spring Meeting Wed.,Fri.

APOLLO. Idiot's Delight. Tues. & Sat.

DRURY LANE. The Sun Never Sets. W., Sat.

DUCHESS. Glorious Morning. Wed., Thurs.

GLOBE. "Robert's Wife." Wed. and Sat.

STRAND. Banana Ridge. Wed. & Thurs.

ST. JAMES'. Golden Boy. Wed.

ST. MARTIN'S. Plan for a Hostess. Tu., Fri.

WESTMINSTER. Marriage. Wed. & Sat.

WHITEHALL. Lot's Wife. Wed. & Sat.

WYNDHAM'S. George & Margaret. W., S.

THEATRES

AMBASSADORS. Tem. 1171. EVGS., 8.30.
Mats., Wednesdays & Fridays, 2.30.
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A Light Comedy by M. J. Farrell and John Perry.

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IDIOT'S DELIGHT
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MATINEES. TUES., THURS., SAT., 2.30.
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THE ZEAL OF THY HOUSE
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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates, and all information on page 1097

Germany's alleged lack of originality is plainly a myth in all these fields.

Her high-speed motoring achievements are the more impressive when we consider her poverty. Britons usually comfort themselves for their racing failures, defeats and omissions by remarking that motor racing does not pay. We are encouraged to believe that we could lick the Mercedes, the Auto-Union, the B.M.W. and the D.K.W. if we wished to do so; but that as practical folk we refuse to spend money uneconomically. Patriots add a rider that the German Government furnished heavy subsidies to all these firms for the sake of morale. Defeated in the war, the German nation suffers from an acute inferiority complex, which can only be cured by convincing the Germans that they are a super race. A continuous series of triumphs in tennis, football, athletics and motor racing will go far to persuade the German that he is invincible. Then, if war breaks out, he will march to victory with quiet confidence. Mussolini is supposed to be discounting Caporetto by similar methods. There is probably a great deal of truth in such allegations. The German Government recently forbade one of its larger motor factories to enter in certain races on the ground that its products would have no chance of victory, and were therefore unworthy to represent the Fatherland before a cosmopolitan audience. We can hardly imagine the Foreign Office forbidding Chelsea to play Association football in Berlin for fear they should be beaten, and so weaken British morale! It is stated, but not proved, that the German Government engineered its recent national triumphs in high-speed motoring by commanding its engineering firms to form a "brains pool"; and it is at least certain that a mildly terrorist atmosphere overhangs their racing organisations. The drivers are under strict discipline, and the managers feel more than unhappy when anything goes wrong.

Still, when every possible discount has been made for such factors as Government dictation and organised psychology, the fact surely remains that the German nation is displaying a veritable genius for the design, construction and use of high-speed motors in the teeth of financial problems which must assuredly be formidable. And the time has come for us to jettison that calm, patronising and foolish air of superiority in such affairs. Only one British driver (the late Sir Henry Segrave) has ever won a Continental Grand Prix. If our motor bicycles were for many years unbeatable, they have now lost their mastery, and evince no signs of regaining it. The German engineer is no mere copyist. Neither is he a beaver, attaining his results in a dull and costly fashion by a clumsy process of elimination. He possesses genuine genius, and he has amply demonstrated the fact. Briton, Frenchman, Italian and American are alike paralysed before him in the field of high-speed motoring. The new "Strength for Joy" people's motor car may yet prove that he is equally competent at designing mass production of utility cars. It is high time that we ceased to underrate him, and began to learn from him.

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CVS—37

Week-end Competitions

No. 433

Set by Allan M. Laing

A little while ago, the *Times* printed this passage:

"An enterprising travel agent might consider taking people on a holiday on which they would actually live through the metaphors and terms of their national speech, riding for a fall, meeting snakes in the grass and getting half-seas over in little boats."

The usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) are offered for the best itineraries of such a holiday in not more than 250 words.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, July 1st.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 431

Set by Graham Bell

The usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) are offered for the best attempted reconstruction of one of these NEW STATESMAN contributions (not more than 250 words each): Critic on the recent death sentence upon Charles I; Y. Y. on the recent Massacre of Saint Bartholomew; Raymond Mortimer on Wren's recent additions to Hampton Court; Clive Bell on the news of Boucher's death; R. E. Davidson on the new 1904 Daimler; Cyril Connolly on *Ivanhoe*, just published; David Garnett on Miss Austen's new novel, *Persuasion;* W. J. Turner on last week's première of *Lohengrin*; G. W. Stonier on the recent publication of *Lyrical Ballads;* Desmond MacCarthy on the first night of *Patience;* an anonymous shorter notice of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall.*

Report by Graham Bell

There were a number of fine attempts, though many good opportunities were missed. There were the usual three or four who missed the point of the competition entirely, one actually sinking to ye olde language and another blatantly writing a review of the 255th performance of *Lohengrin.* The conditions allowed two concurrent parodies of style and of habits of thought. The competitor who wrote of the sacrilege at Hampton Court captured perhaps much of Mr. Mortimer's happy mingling of colloquialism and urbanity but underestimated his instinct for what is new but will survive, while another who waspishly and aptly brought in Bernini ("makes Sir Christopher look rather small") wrote so despondently and drably as to presuppose a Mr. Mortimer who had never tasted a heavenly meal or enjoyed a delicious piece of painting and who had lived at the Glasgow Exhibition all his life. Caustic Cyril, the most difficult subject, was only once attempted. Professor Bodkin's Clive Bell was, in its plays on words, more Chesterton than Bell.

> "He was guilty often of chic, never of chicanery. Bottoms and bosoms are delectable things in their proper place and Boucher knew exactly how and where to place them. Besides he had go. May be that he, having go, went occasionally too far" and so on.

But by pressing too much into a short space this entry missed that invaluable air of ease and unhurrying which more even than the nymphs of France is Mr. Bell's signature tune. B. H. H. has a charming *Books in General* from 1818, "Is there anyone who does not enjoy the con-

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

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SUMMER holidays on horseback (August), New Forest and South Downs; 27*s.* 6*d.* per day inclusive. Write: 30 William Mews, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates and all information on page 1097.

versation of sailors," begins this Mr. Garnett in reviewing Miss Austen's *Persuasion*. The one R. E. Davidson was very convincing too, in its description of the 1904 Daimler, "the brakes are immensely powerful." Alan R. Thomas's Desmond MacCarthy—easily the best of these—is wise and witty, "the theatrical twins are radicals with the souls of children and the tongues of town wits." Of all the regrettable sentiments put in the fountain pens of NEW STATESMAN contributors none was perhaps so unfortunate as the Y. Y. who, forgetting his Ulster boyhood, wrote an impassioned defence of Catholic frightfulness in Paris. Lausanne has a good shorter of Gibbon in which the influence of the reviewed on the reviewer is even stronger than the NEW STATESMAN's effect on its contributors. John Mair's shorter is the real thing—"the lust of a Commodus or the sadism of a Caracalla make highly amusing reading. . . . Blood and elephants are only important in light of their social and economic backgrounds. . . . It is by no means the serious reader's cup of tea, but it may be the twopenny libraries' port and lemon."

But all other entries are as nothing compared with the "Critics." I suggest that three of these might pool the prize money, and I regret that only very honourable mentions go to L. V. Upward for his "It can hardly therefore be supposed that the members of Mr. Bradshaw's court really imagined that their verdict would do anything to add to the liberties of their countrymen"; to Pernod for his conclusion "An act of intolerance is scarcely the best way to inaugurate an era of toleration, nor will the cause of freedom have profited much if a man of iron is to succeed the man of blood"; and to J. C. B. Date for his "So, quite apart from the moral issues involved, it seems to me that to put him to death is to give the loyalist party the strongest ally a party can have, a martyr."

(1)

A LONDON DIARY

And so the King is to be executed. It was, I suppose, inevitable that such a verdict should have been arrived at, in view of the exceedingly serious nature of the evidence, now at last available, of his treachery and double-dealing with the Scots. At the same time one may be permitted to doubt the wisdom of carrying the sentence into effect. I hear that General Cromwell is determined to do so and that the execution has actually been fixed for the 30th. Perhaps by the time these notes appear the terrible ceremony will have taken place. The General and his friends feel, presumably, that the risk of war with France will not be increased—may even be lessened—by the execution. I hope they are right. It seems, however, a little odd to expect the French Court to allow the execution of their young King's uncle to take place without some form of protest. One can only hope, with the country in its present state, that their protest will not take the form of war. Quite apart from this very definite danger of war, I am afraid Colonel Lilburne is right when he says, in effect, that we are now exchanging one master for a worse, and that General Cromwell has as yet given no indication of a genuine desire to improve the lot of the common people.

"H. S."

(2)

CRITIC ON THE DEATH SENTENCE OF CHARLES I

Charles Stuart is not the first King of England to forfeit his life, though I hope he will be the last. I am no believer in extreme punishments, particularly for political offences, but it is difficult to see what other penalty there can be for the ultimate crime of rebelling against the people. And there has certainly been nothing in this monarch's conduct during the past ten years to let us believe that he would use his liberty, if he were given it, for any purpose but restricting the liberties of others. Nor can it be said that he was unaware of his probable fate, or could have expected clemency. He had the advantage of plenty of good advice, both inside and outside the House; and so long ago as the beginning of 1642 this paper had uttered a plain warning that he stood to lose rather than gain by a Civil War. It is to be hoped that, when the incident is decently closed, the country can settle down to the stable and honest government it so sorely needs.

RICHARD PENNINGTON

(3)

A LONDON DIARY

The King's execution is to take place in Whitehall on January 30th, and enterprising individuals are already buying up blocks of seats with the object of selling them again at an enforced higher price. This kind of trading excludes the poorer classes who, after all, have a right to witness such an important national event. Perhaps the "Rump," which appears to be the only effective Government we possess at the moment, will take steps to stabilise the price at a reasonable figure.

I hear that Colonel Pride's recent surprising behaviour in the Commons is causing considerable comment around the lobbies. To exclude the majority of your opponents by force is scarcely in keeping with the traditions of Parliamentary propriety, and Colonel Pride's authority to act in such a manner is exceedingly doubtful. It would be a wise gesture on Mr. Cromwell's part if, after the execution, he were to recall the entire House to ratify the death sentence, thus ensuring that the axe's blow is a blow for, and not against, the democracy for which we have all believed we were fighting. Otherwise some of us may be tempted to fear that we have lost one would-be dictator only to gain another.

"Well," said Old Tom, my gardener, looking up from his turnips, "I don't rightly know. I reckon he was a nice chap in private—a pity he had to be born a king." An appropriate epitaph, I thought.

L. W. BAILEY

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 286.—THE JUICY POTATO

By R. L. Michaelson

Sergeant C. Kant of Lord Truncheon's new mathematical police corps had been detailed to investigate the affair of the Juicy Potato Club. This was an infamous gaming club, the premises of which were a greengrocer's shop during the day. The Sergeant was told that roulette was played there every night and that the wheel was crooked. It was known that the greengrocer, by night the croupier, employed an impecunious Earl to bring clients to the club. A code was used to tell the Earl what number it would be most advantageous (for the club) for him to advise his clients to bet on. This number varied every night.

The following is an abstract from the report which the Sergeant sent his Superintendent a few days later:

The code is simple. Each number on the roulette wheel is represented by a certain number of beans which are put in a jar and handed to the Earl, who later counts the beans and, knowing the code, ascertains the roulette wheel number.

The code number is obtained by a formula, viz.: the square of the roulette wheel number is multiplied by a fixed number, to which product is added a fixed number, and the roulette number multiplied by a fixed number is then subtracted from the last result. The fixed numbers are not necessarily all the same or all different.

One of the assistant croupiers, after a little persuasion, told me that he had been spying, and on two occasions had intercepted the jars, and on counting the beans had been surprised on each occasion to find that the number of beans was equal to what he knew had been chosen as the roulette number for the Earl's dupes of the evening. But he could not remember what these numbers were.

The number of beans that are used to convey the roulette wheel number one is odd.

I heard the croupier, when counting out the beans one day, observe that that was the first time he had chosen the roulette number that equalled the sum of the three fixed numbers in his formula.

The Superintendent and Sergeant both tried to discover the formula used. Only the Sergeant succeeded because he had withheld additional information. This fact was the number of beans used to convey the roulette wheel number one, although the Sergeant had reported it was odd he knew the exact number.

How many beans make five?

PROBLEM 284.—THE OLD BOYS FIGHT BACK

Solution by L. H. Stickland

Answer: The Old Boys won by 125 points to 115.

Method:

Let a, b, c and d be the number of points scored for 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th places.

If there are 5 (the minimum) events in each half, then $a + b + c + d = 24$, and

$$3a + b + 3c = 47$$
$$2a + 4b + 2c + 5d = 73$$

Eliminating a and c,

$$2b + 3d = 25$$

from which the only reasonable values of b and d are 8 and 3. The only possible values of a and c are then 9 and 4. These values of a, b, c and d give the above result.

If it is assumed that there are 6 or 8 events in each half, similar equations may be worked out, but they fail to give possible values for a, b, c and d.

PROBLEM 283.—DODECAHEDRA

This problem has been more successfully tackled than my problem about Tetrahedra; a number of learned contributions are based on Group Theory (no connection, I gather, with Dr. Buchman) and include what is very nearly a monograph by L. Bihaly. For this I am very grateful.

The number of distinguishable Dodecahedra is 96, subdivided as under:

Faces	12—0	2
	11—1	2
	10—2	6
	9—3	10
	8—4	24
	7—5	28
	6—6	24
	Total	96

The majority of competitors worked empirically, used models.

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: E. T. Goodwin, The University, Sheffield 10.

Nine points are awarded.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

APPOINTMENTS, VACANT & WANTED

THE UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL

The Council invites applications for the post of Lecturer in the Department of Education. The appointment will be in Grade IIA, at a commencing salary of £475 per annum, rising after two years to £500.

Preference will be given to candidates able to give instruction in the History of Education and in the teaching of History or Geography, and who also have had sufficient and successful practical experience of teaching.

The Lecturer will be required (i) to commence his duties not later than January 1st, 1939; (ii) to take a share in the supervision of students attached to Schools for practice, and also in examinations for the Diploma and Certificate in Education, and (iii) to comply with the conditions of the Federated Superannuation System for Universities.

Applications, together with the names of three referees, should reach the undersigned on or before October 1st, 1938.

STANLEY DUMBELL,
Registrar.

THE INSTITUTION OF PROFESSIONAL CIVIL SERVANTS invites applications for the vacant post of SECRETARY of the Institution on a salary scale of £750 rising by annual increments of £25 to £900 per annum.

Special consideration in respect of commencing salary will be given to applicants possessing exceptional qualifications for the post.

The Secretary is the principal salaried officer of the Institution (membership approximately 15,000) and is responsible, under the direction of the Honorary Officers and Council for the conduct of negotiations on the Institution's behalf, and for the supervision of the office of the Institution.

Applicants, who may be required to undergo a medical examination, must not be less than 30 years of age. The officer appointed will be required to serve a probationary period of 12 months.

The post is pensionable under a scheme similar to that of the Federated Universities, whereby the officer appointed contributes 5 per cent. of his salary and the Institution contributes an additional 10 per cent.

Forms of Application and Full Particulars of the post may be obtained from the HONORARY SECRETARY, I.P.C.S., 69 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

Applications must reach the Honorary Secretary not later than July 30th.

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH

Lectureship in Ancient Philosophy

The University Court will shortly proceed to the appointment of a Lecturer in Ancient Philosophy. The appointment will date from October 1st, 1938.

The lecturer will be required to give Ordinary and Honours Courses in Ancient Philosophy and to take part as may be arranged in the work of the Philosophy Department.

Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience (Minimum £450 with increments and superannuation).

Applications with the names of three referees to be sent to the undersigned not later than July 11th, 1938.

W. A. FLEMING,
Secretary to the University.

METROPOLITAN BOROUGHS' STANDING JOINT COMMITTEE.

LONDON UNION CATALOGUE.

Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Editor of the London Union Catalogue and inter-library lending scheme. Salary £165 per annum. Candidates, who must be aged 21 or over, should have a knowledge of cataloguing. Library experience is desirable. The post will probably shortly come under the operation of the Local Government Superannuation Act. Applications, in candidates' own handwriting, giving particulars of age, education, training, etc., and accompanied by copies of three recent testimonials, should reach the Hon. Secretary, London Union Catalogue, National Central Library, Malet Place, W.C.1, not later than Saturday, July 9th, 1938. Envelopes should be endorsed "Assistant Editor."

City Hall, W.C.2. PARKER MORRIS,
June 22nd, 1938. Honorary Clerk.

THE British Association of Residential Settlements invites applications for the post of Secretary. Thorough knowledge of social work essential and residential Settlement experience desirable. Salary up to £350 according to circumstances. Shorthand-typist available. Forms of application (to be returned by July 12th) from Joint Hon. Secretary, B.A.R.S., 44 Nelson Square, S.E.1.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

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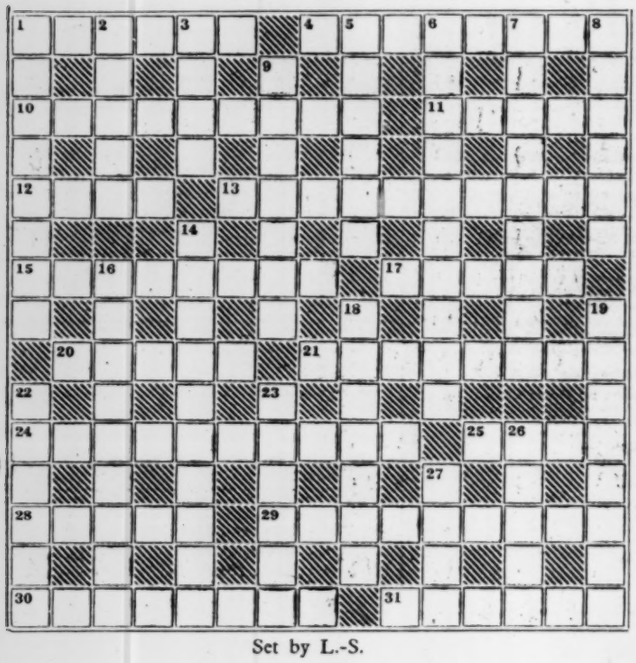
CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
Rates and all information on page 1097.

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 433

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Miss Phyllis Sims, 21 Glyn Mansions, W.14.

ACROSS

1. It sounds as though she finds the fellow with the barrow an expense. (6)
4. She would of course arrange the sleepers in college. (8)
10. Device for procuring cat food. (9)
11. Is it a county of long, lean people? (5)
12. Blooming embryos. (4)
13. Condition that prevents a sharp negative. (10)
15. He will soon crow up. (8)
17. They get overwound. (5)
20. Merchandise that should never go bad. (5)
21. It's not in order to run as I do. (8)
24. Are they hammered into plinths? (10)
25. A noise at the bridge. (4)
28. Her name is the same as it was when Shakespeare was born. (5)
29. Well, this might replenish it at school. (9)
30. He didn't collect his library. (8)
31. Spanners. (6)

DOWN

1. Return of the guineafowl. (8)
2. Unbroken noise. (5)
3. For this is a very long day. (4)
5. A masterful thing to do. (6)
6. A man agent does things wrong. (10)
7. Hooded monarch. (9)
8. Is embraced by the others. (6)
9. One must wake up in this era. (7)
14. Cash in hand of course. (10)
16. Pedestrian indication of where to vote. (9)
18. Repugnant description of Diana's lover. (7)
19. The Prime Minister has to put up with condiments all round. (8)
22. Seen everywhere in Roman style. (6)
23. The Huns achieved their reputation under him. (6)
26. Its lift releases 27. (5)
27. Way out to die for 600. (4)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

■	S	E	W	I	N	G	M	A	C	H	I	N	E	■
C	U	■	N	E	■	V	■	A	■	I	■	C		
O	N	L	I	C	E	N	C	E	■	N	E	G	R	O
F	■	O	■	H	■	T	■	R	■	D	■	H	■	U
F	O	G	G	■	F	L	E	A	B	I	T	T	E	N
E	■	I	■	S	■	E	■	G	■	N	■	■	■	T
E	A	S	T	E	R	■	S	E	P	H	A	R	D	I
G	■	T	■	A	■	U	■	S	■	A	■	E	■	N
R	O	S	A	M	O	N	D	■	E	N	D	I	N	G
O	■	■	■	A	■	I	■	L	■	D	■	N	■	H
U	N	C	E	N	S	O	R	E	D	■	O	S	L	O
N	■	A	■	S	■	N	■	N	■	D	■	T	■	U
D	E	A	T	H	■	I	N	T	E	R	V	A	L	S
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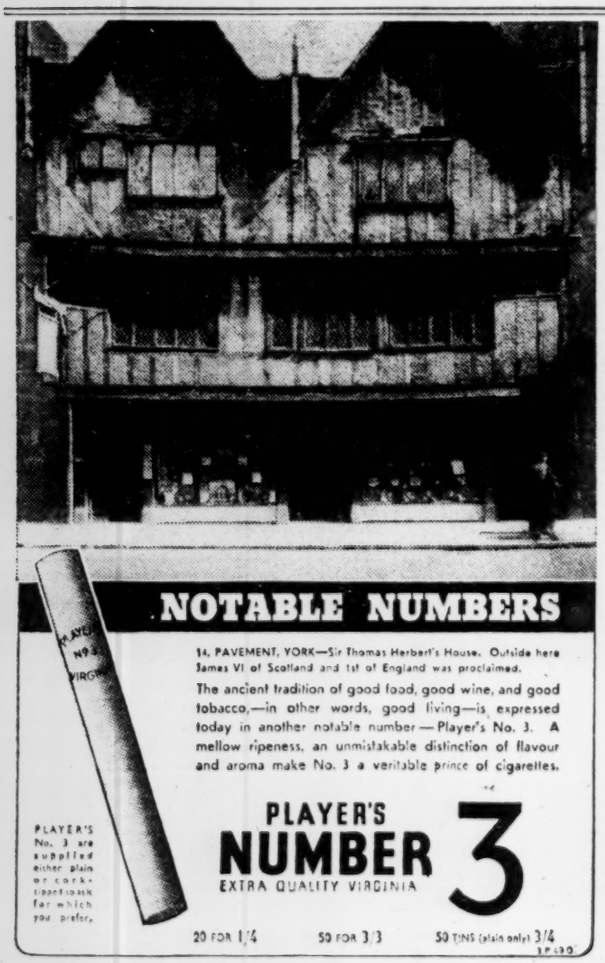

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queensway, Bayswater, W.2. Sunday, June 26th, at 11 a.m. LORD SNELL: "DEMOCRACY AND THE SOVEREIGN PEOPLE." 7 p.m., DR. G. P. GOOCH: "AUSTRIA TO-DAY."

PEACE PLEDGE UNION. Reginald Sorensen M.P.: "THE CASE FOR PACIFISM." Kensington Town Hall, Friday, July 1st, at 8 p.m. Tickets for reserved seats (free) from G. E. NIXON, 3 Kenway Rd., S.W.5.

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn.—Sunday, June 26th, at 11 a.m., PROFESSOR T. H. PEAR, M.A., B.Sc.: "SOCIAL STATIFICATION AND BEHAVIOUR." Admission free. Visitors welcome.

SEX EDUCATION CENTRE, 13 Eccleston Street, S.W.1. Consultations 1s.; Library books 2d.; Catalogue 6d. Open Mondays 7-9 p.m. Visitors welcomed.

UNDER the auspices of The Governesses' Mutual Provident Association a Public Meeting to be held at The Overseas Club, Park Place, London, S.W.1, to discuss "THE STATUS AND FUTURE OF THE GOVERNESS," on Thursday, June 30th, 1938, at 11 for 11.30 a.m. In the Chair: Lady Harlech. The speakers will include: HON. MRS. FRANKLIN (Hon. Secretary of the Parents' National Educational Union), C. H. BLAKISTON, Esq. (formerly Headmaster of Lancing College), COL. G. R. CODRINGTON, C.B., D.S.O. (Secretary of the Governesses' Benevolent Institution). Light refreshments provided. Admission free.

SUMMER SCHOOL

MEN OF THE TREES, Summer School Conference, Oxford, July 16th-21st. Fifteen Lectures on questions relating to the land and trees. Prospectus: SECRETARY, 2 Jay Mews, S.W.7.

GARDEN FETE

SPAIN GARDEN FETE, King Alfred School, Golders Green. 3-10 p.m., Saturday 25th; 1s. 6d. (1s. after 7). Parry Jones, Emma Marqués, Basque Children, etc., etc. Sideshows, Stalls, Games.

SCHOOLS AND EDUCATIONAL

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates, and all information on page 1097

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

MARKET RALLY—THE COMMODITY OUTLOOK—ANGLO-IRANIAN AND BURMAH

At long last the stock markets have staged a recovery. Subject to the considered opinion of "Critic," who has apparently been consulting all the economists recently on this matter, I would describe this as a secondary recovery in a major cyclical decline. I have always believed that the business depression, having been abnormally abrupt, may be relatively short-lived, but if we date its beginning from March, 1937, I would be surprised to see it working itself out much before March, 1939. Therefore I would regard the present stock market recovery as premature. Of course, if speculators wish to discount immediately a recovery which they hope to see taking shape in March, 1939, they can do so, but at considerable risk. Let us see what grounds they have for immediate cheerfulness. The rise which started at the end of last week was prompted by the recovery in commodity prices, which began on June 1st, and, I think, by the astonishing fact that on the new Government loan the City had at last made a profit. The new account opened this week with almost a burst of strength, partly on the recovery in Wall Street, partly on the curious belief widespread in the City that Mussolini had decided that the war in Spain must stop and that a truce had been virtually arranged. The Wall Street recovery was the more convincing of these factors. Although Congress has risen without doing anything to relieve the railroads in distress, car loadings have been rising in the last few weeks, power output is slightly up, cotton mill activity has improved sharply and an increase in scrap prices indicates that conditions in the steel industry are slightly better. It is true that these indices give only slight encouragement to the "bulls," but, taking the longer view, there is some satisfaction in seeing building construction contracts in May 16 per cent. above those of May, 1937. Wall Street believes that the Government spending programme now being launched will cause such a reduction in inventories that business will begin to improve this autumn or at any rate by the end of the year. How long this hopeful attitude will persist remains to be seen, but if the political news remains favourable I would expect this intermediate recovery to go further.

* * *

Much depends, of course, upon the future of commodity prices. As compared with a month ago the various price indices, British and American, show little change; but June has brought signs of a reversal of the past twelve months' obstinate fall. Wheat (July futures) has rallied from 5*s*. 9*d*. to 6*s*. 5*d*. per cental; rubber from 5 11/16*d*. to 6 3/8*d*. per lb. Wool is no better, and there has been only a fractional improvement in cotton and sugar; but the non-ferrous metals have recovered—tin from £163 to £187, and copper from £32½ to over £36 per ton. So far so good. It is undeniable that if raw materials were to regain by natural means a fair proportion of the 30 per cent. loss of value which they have suffered since June 1937, British trade would benefit from the increased purchasing power of primary producing countries. Unfortunately, so far as rubber and metals are concerned, the price recovery has been due not to natural growth of demand, but to the artificial restriction of supply. As from July 1st, the non-American copper companies operating the restriction scheme decided to reduce output from 105 to 95 per cent. of standard tonnages. Allowing for an increase of 952 tons now allowed in Rhokana's basic tonnage, the effect will be to reduce non-U.S. production to about 100,000 tons, as compared with a recent average of about 106,000 tons a month. Consumption outside the U.S.A. was nearly 130,000 tons in April and over 108,000 tons in May; but U.S. consumption is down to under 30,000 tons a month while production, up to May, was 50,000 tons. At 550,000 tons, world stocks of refined copper are heavy, and I cannot see copper going much above £40 for the present, though the closing down of mines by Anaconda and Kennecott should check the growth of (exportable) U.S. stocks. More likely is a further sharp rise in tin prices. The quota for the buffer pool is now fixed at 10 per cent. of standard tonnages, leaving only 35 per cent. as the quota for the market. This means that as from July 1st total production (including that of the non-restricting countries) will be at the annual rate of 120,000 tons, of which only 100,000 tons will be sold, as compared with an output in the current quarter of 140,000 tons. The International Tin Committee has now assumed the functions of price-controller even more directly than when it was simply regulating production. It remains to be seen if it will exercise these functions with judgment. While I am not opposed to the principle of the buffer pool I would not like to see the policy of restriction carried to extreme lengths.

* * *

The oil company chairmen have now had their say. Lord Cadman at the meeting of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company was more cheerful than the chairman of Burmah Oil. Provided there was no further serious drop in oil prices he felt that his shareholders would have no reasonable cause to be disappointed in the results of the current year. But the Anglo-Iranian is in a special position, for it has discovered at Gach Saran an entirely new field which is even larger than the original and famous Masjid-i-Sulaiman. No other oil company in the world has ever been blessed with fields so prolific as the Iranian and with a monopoly so complete that no offset drilling is possible. Lord Bearsted is in a less happy position. He had to explain away the expropriation of the Mexican Eagle properties by the Mexican Government and the dispute with the Irish Government over the State monopoly of refining, but he was able to contrast with this dismal picture the happy relations which existed between the Royal Dutch-Shell group and the other Governments of Latin America, and in particular Venezuela. It is interesting news to hear that the Shell group had acquired an additional area of 600,000 hectares in various parts of Venezuela which will be exploited by a new company—Venezuelan Oil Development—jointly owned by Venezuelan Oil Concessions and Canadian Eagle Oil. If anyone wants an oil gamble, Canadian Eagle shares at 7*s*. 6*d*. have become interesting.

* * *

To readers who want a concise and up-to-date guide-book to the ramifications of the City, I commend "How the City Works," by Mr. Oscar Hobson, city editor of the *News Chronicle* ("News Chronicle" Publications Department, price, 2*s*. 6*d*.). The author is an expositor rather than critic, but the exposition is lucid and informative. The book deals not merely with the purely financial mechanism of the City, but also with the commercial markets—metals, wool, wheat, and so forth—in and around the "Square Mile."

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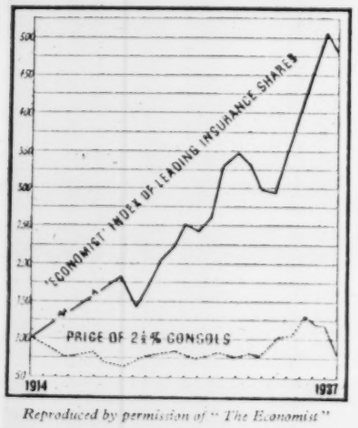

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Company Meeting

THE "SHELL" TRANSPORT AND TRADING CO., LTD.

VISCOUNT BEARSTED'S ADDRESS

THE Annual General Meeting of the "Shell" Transport and Trading Company, Limited, was held on June 21st, in London.

The Rt. Hon. Viscount Bearsted, M.C. (the chairman), who presided, said that the balance of profit and loss account was £5,954,000, as against £5,565,000, which had enabled the directors to recommend a final dividend of 2s. 6d. per £ unit, free of income tax, making a total of 4s. per £ unit, free of tax, on the increased capital, carrying forward £165,204, as against £137,841 brought in.

Dealing with the position of the Company, the chairman drew attention to the soundness of the financial position, with assets worth upwards of £53,000,000 against creditors' account of only £204,000. As regarded their fleet, at the end of 1937 the Group had had at its disposal 2,200,000 tons of loading capacity, and during the year had transported about 26,000,000 tons of cargo. It was hardly necessary to emphasise how materially British industry had been benefited from the large number of orders for ships placed in British yards.

CONGESTION OF THE ROADS

With regard to the problem of the increasing congestion of the roads, which had become a great deal more urgent since he had referred to it last year, there had been no appreciable extension of work on the roads in spite of the heavy increase in motor taxation, which now amounted to nearly 10 per cent. of the total National revenue. He would point out that the revolution which was taking place in the methods of agricultural production in this country with the acceleration of the movement towards mechanised farming, the farming community now represented one of their more important markets for petroleum products; their Company, he might add, had always been to the fore in studying the needs of the farm, and now occupied a prominent position in the agricultural market for petroleum products. As to their new motor lubricating oils introduced last October, he was glad to report that the tribute paid to them by independent experts was being splendidly endorsed by the motoring public, and as the weeks went by the oils were proving an ever-greater success. Meanwhile, Shell Motor Spirit, well supported by bold publicity, continued to maintain its pre-eminent position. He recommended all to visit the Company's pavilion at the Glasgow Exhibition.

TAXATION

He had in previous years referred to the steadily increasing taxation the oil industry throughout the world had to bear. The import duty in this country had been raised by 1d. per gallon to the substantial figure of 9d., and in France also increases in the rate of duty had been imposed. It was pleasant to feel, however, that there were countries which had a policy so enlightened that they were prepared to use surplus balances to encourage road transport by remissions of duty. The Union of South Africa stood out as a most pleasing example of that enlightened policy. In Rhodesia also, where substantial reductions had been made in the price of petrol, the Southern Rhodesian Government had further assisted motor transport by reducing the duty on petrol by 1d. per gallon to the reasonable figure of 2d. per gallon. Northern Rhodesia had set a wonderful example by abolishing duty on petrol altogether, while in Indo-China, in Jamaica, and in Turkey duties had been reduced.

WORLD CONDITIONS

Dealing with matters of special importance in connection with the activities of the Group companies, he would say that in the United States of America, which played such an important part in the oil world situation, the satisfactory statistical position of the beginning of the year had not unfortunately been maintained. The Shell Union Oil Corporation had increased its net operating income, however, and had paid dividends on its Common stock totalling $1 per share. With reference to Mexico, the Company's financial interests in the Aguila Company was comparatively small but they had a serious responsibility there in that the Group managed the affairs of the company. He would not burden shareholders with the origin of the troubles in Mexico, but in trying to reach an agreement he was satisfied that the companies had gone to the utmost limits in endeavouring to avoid a breakdown.

In contrast with the rather dismal picture of Mexico he had given, he had to refer to the very happy relations existing with the Governments of other Latin-American countries and in particular Venezuela, where the production of the companies in which they were interested had increased to 10,280,000 tons as compared with 8,690,000 tons in 1936.

He had, however, mentioned with more than passing regret the state of affairs in Ireland, where, though their relations with the authorities over a long period had always been cordial, the board had thought it their duty to advise against a scheme for erecting a refinery for producing the greater part of Ireland's oil requirements from crude petroleum, as they, the board, felt that the proposal was uneconomic.

The chairman concluded by paying a tribute to the loyalty and efficiency of the staff of the company.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

Company Meeting

ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY

THE RIGHT HON. LORD CADMAN'S ADDRESS

THE twenty-ninth Ordinary General Meeting of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co., Ltd., was held on June 20th at 20 Aldermanbury, London, E.C.

The Rt. Hon. Lord Cadman, G.C.M.G., D.Sc., LL.D. (the Chairman), said (in part): Last year I drew your attention to the remarkable increase in the profit on trading account, but 1937 profits have exceeded those of 1936 by almost £3,000,000. This result is due to a large increase in the volume of sales and a further rise in values. Royalty and taxation payable to the Iranian Government are greater by nearly £1,000,000, and I feel sure that you will be as pleased as I am to see the Iranian Government thus sharing substantially in the Company's welfare, which they are doing so much to promote. Income tax is naturally greater, on account of the larger profits. We have placed £546,872 to general reserve, thus bringing the total to £1,200,000.

In the balance sheet deposits by subsidiary companies have increased by about £1,150,000. Creditors show the large increase of over £3,650,000. The main causes are the much heavier liabilities for royalty, income tax, etc.

On the assets side refinery and stocks of stores have increased. Investments and cash together show the large increase of about £4,850,000. Against this we have to meet much heavier disbursements for royalty, taxation and dividend.

SUCCESSFUL DRILLING

The well-known fields at Masjid-i-Sulaiman and Haft Kel have produced with their customary regularity and their output has been supplemented by that from the smaller fields at Naft-i-Shah and Naft-Khaneh. In the aggregate, the net crude oil production from the Company's fields in Iran and Iraq amounted during 1937 to 10,289,000 tons. In addition, we received 1,220,000 tons from the Iraq Petroleum Company.

I mentioned last year that oil had been proved at Gach Qaraghuli—a field which has now been renamed Gach Saran. Drilling on this field has been continued with excellent results. In addition to the original producing well, two others—on the north-east and south-west flanks—were drilled into the limestone and yielded production rated at 4,500 and 4,000 tons a day respectively. Further wells are being drilled at Gach Saran to define the extent of the field; and the apparent size of the structure, coupled with the thickness of the limestone, indicates that Gach Saran is a field which is even larger than Masjid-i-Sulaiman.

In addition to Gach Saran, I have to inform you of a further discovery, on the structure adjacent to Haft Kel, known as White Oil Springs or Naft-i-Safid. This area has been mentioned to you on former occasions. As long ago as 1913–19 wells were drilled there, but with negative results. In consequence, however, of developments at Haft Kel and of indications given by geological and geophysical work, a new test drilling programme was adopted at White Oil Springs. The first two wells of this programme proved the existence of high-pressure gas and the third struck oil. I cannot yet hazard any views as to the potentialities of this structure. It is, however, established that White Oil Springs is not an extension of Haft Kel. White Oil Springs is in close proximity to the existing pipeline system connecting Haft Kel with Abadan.

In Great Britain three deep test wells are being drilled—in North Yorkshire, Staffordshire and at a location near Edinburgh. In addition, we have recently acquired the oil rights over an area which includes the Hardstoft well in Derbyshire which has regularly produced a small quantity of oil since 1919.

WORK AT THE REFINERIES

As a consequence of considerably increased production in Iran, all sections of our organisation there worked at high pressure during 1937. Abadan refinery, for example, had a record throughput of nearly 9½ million tons—a figure which exceeded that of 1936 by approximately two million tons.

In the Scottish shale industry development work for further supplies of shale was greatly hindered by heavy accumulation of water in the strata penetrated, but is now approaching its objective. Operating costs further increased during the year.

With regard to marketing, the prices of products were, on the whole, maintained at higher levels than those of 1936. As a result of the non-fulfilment of optimistic forecasts of consumption in the United States, stocks of motor spirit and fuel oil accumulated considerably in excess of market requirements, and prices suffered accordingly. At the moment, prophecy regarding future trends is difficult; but it is not too late for the balance between supply and demand to be restored. In Great Britain—our principal market—the upward trend of industrial activity has not been maintained; and, in addition, motor spirit and diesel oil for road vehicles have been subjected to increased taxation.

These conditions are among the unfavourable. Fortunately, however, they are counterpoised by others.

So far as the Company itself is concerned, we have good reason for satisfaction with the present position and with the outlook.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

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"This is a marvellous book. . The civilised world is indebted to him."—SPECTATOR.

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—A. W. Haslett in TIME AND TIDE.

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Science for the Publisher

The immediate success of Professor Hogben's *Mathematics for the Million* caused many people to ask us how it was done. How did we succeed in selling out the entire first edition before a penny had been spent on conventional newspaper advertising? The answer is, briefly, by much forethought and infinite pains.

As a start, every post-primary teacher of mathematics in the country had a personal word from me about it. But every sort of person interested in mathematics was separately considered. An issue of this journal could be filled with the details of the plans worked out and carried through. There is nothing spectacular in such publicity, but it involves more knowledge and imagination, and much harder work, than expending large sums in one or two newspapers. *It brings results.*

Mathematics is of relatively restricted interest compared to the whole body of Science, and months of preparation have gone to the organisation of our peaceful campaign for Hogben's *magnum opus*:

SCIENCE FOR THE CITIZEN 12*s.* 6*d. net*

Its scope is stupendous. Quite apart from the "common man," for whom it was written, it impinges on almost countless trades and professions and each is likely to be interested for a different reason. It was clear to us at once that generalised advertising *alone* would not do justice to the book or ourselves. What particular aspects of it would interest, for instance, electrical, civil, gas, water, or sanitary engineers? Their variety was almost overwhelming; how was each profession to be most effectively approached? The interest of industrial chemists, shipbuilders, air pilots, meteorologists, or wireless specialists was again different—different for each profession—and the addresses of those who would wish to know about the book had again to be hunted down.

Then research workers, astronomers, physicists, or biologists could not be approached in the same way as, for instance, highway engineers.

With the technical institutes, polytechnics, and universities, our problem was simpler; it was merely necessary to itemise the different departments where each subject was taught—although this does not mean that a university lecturer is interested for the same reasons as a lecturer at a polytechnic. With schools, a different approach was obviously necessary for different types of school and their inspectors. The adult education movement, in its various branches, received special thought. In many of these instances we had that invaluable aid, the intimate personal interest and inside knowledge of one or other member of our staff.

Again, the Army to-day is interested in science (the R.A.F. took very kindly to *Mathematics for the Million*), and if the Army, why not the Navy, and why not an individual approach to each of the specialised divisions, the Tank Corps, the Royal Engineers, etc.? But it is one thing to ask such questions, another to get into touch with the man interested. That is a matter for imagination, knowledge, and patient work. The preliminary expenditure of energy involved in amassing the material for the scientific campaign we have carried through, might by itself have exhausted those in less good training!

Apart from personal and "form" letters, printed leaflets, insets, and special prospectuses, of which over 123,150 had previously been despatched, we posted on the day of publication 60,650 copies of nine different handwritten postcards to those known to be interested. (Some of these cards took over an hour each before we were satisfied with their drafting).

This, in answer to many expressions of interest, will give an idea of the scientific study we devote to the sale of our publications. Ceaseless if unostentatious, our activity in selling our authors' books is as well organised, as tirelessly energetic, as that of those other unassuming workers the beaver and the ant—only (we hope) more intelligent.

Stanley Unwin

London: George Allen and Unwin Ltd

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